



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

25254.24.7

**Harvard College Library**

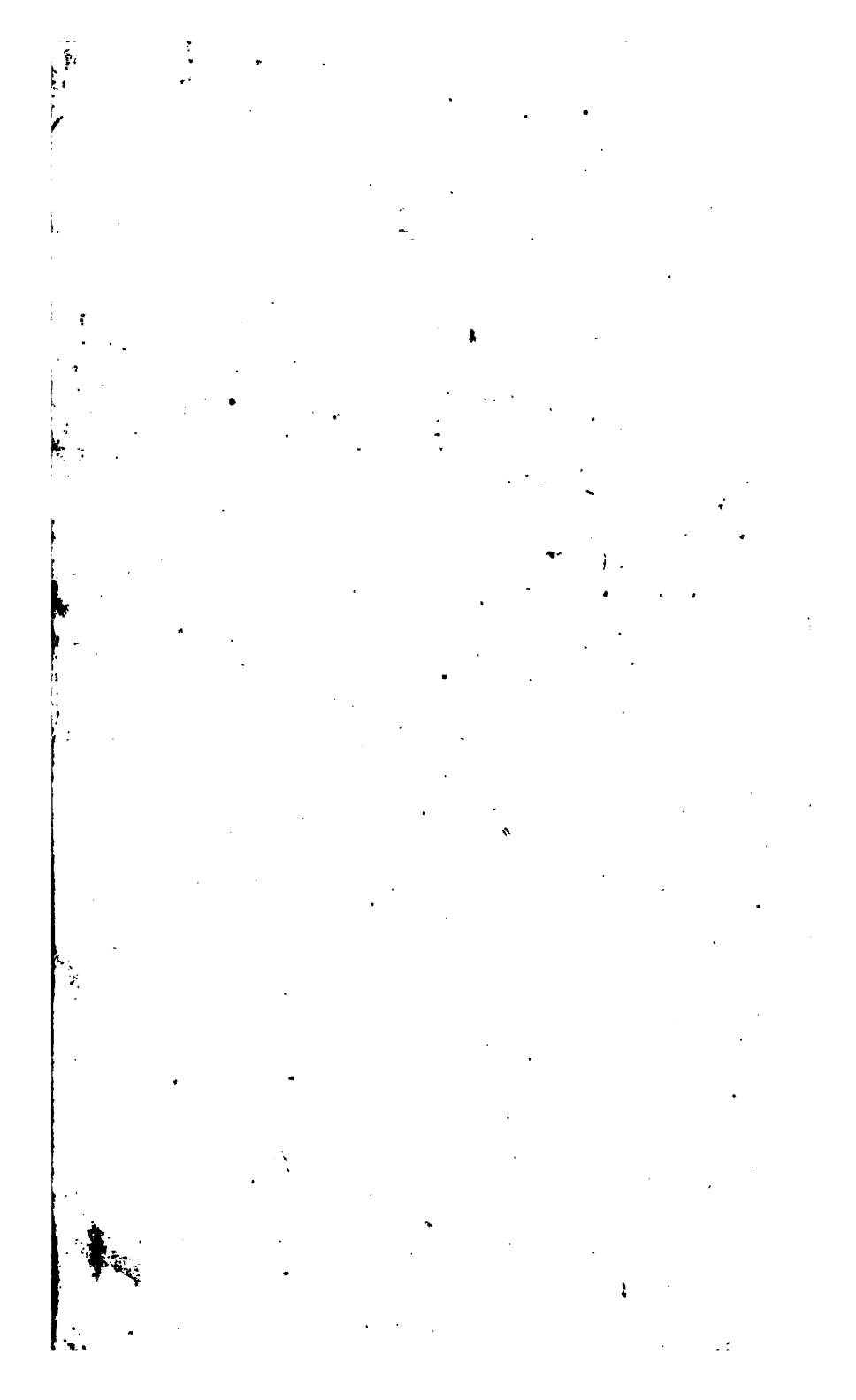


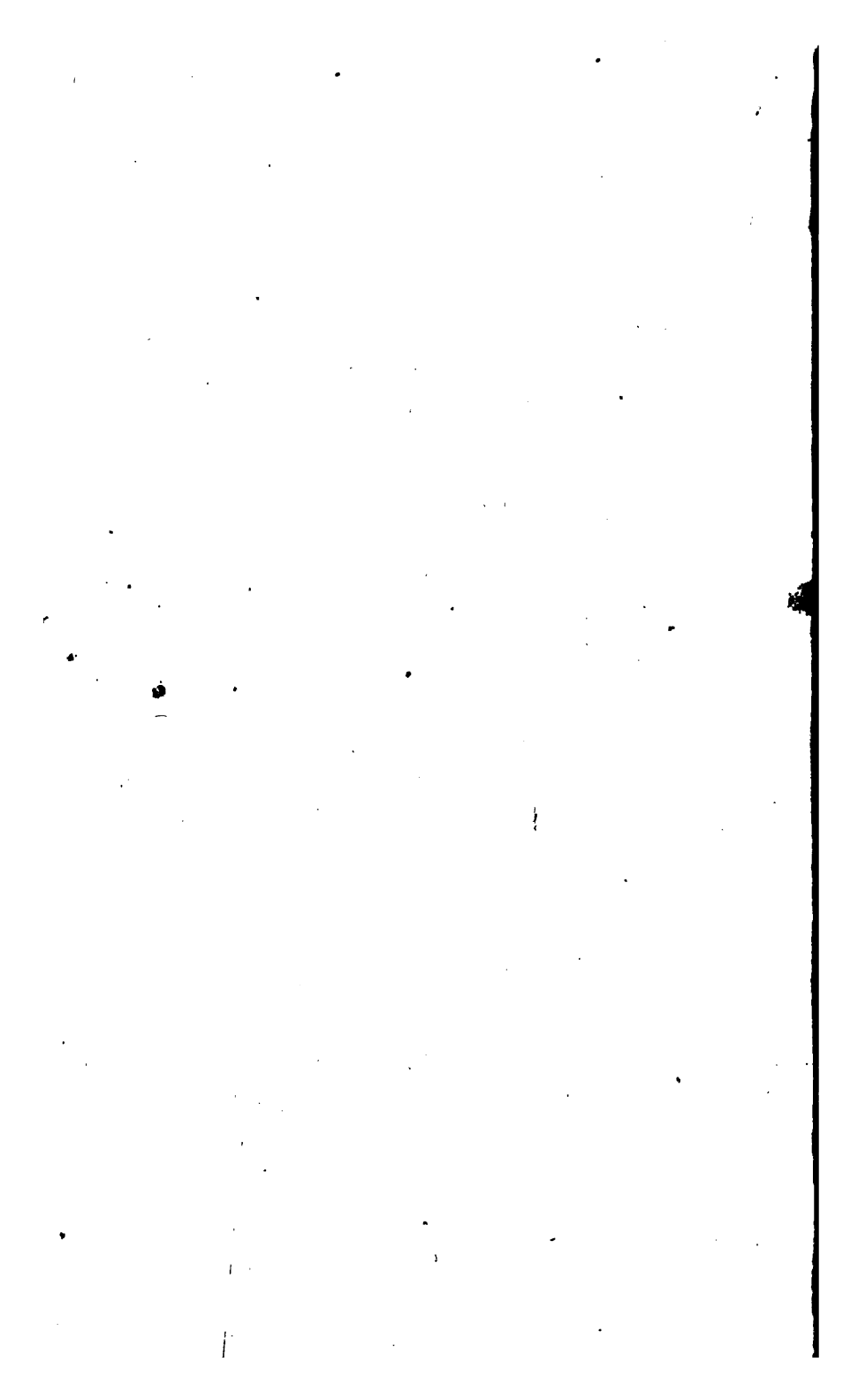
**FROM THE  
FRANCIS BOOTT  
PRIZE FUND**

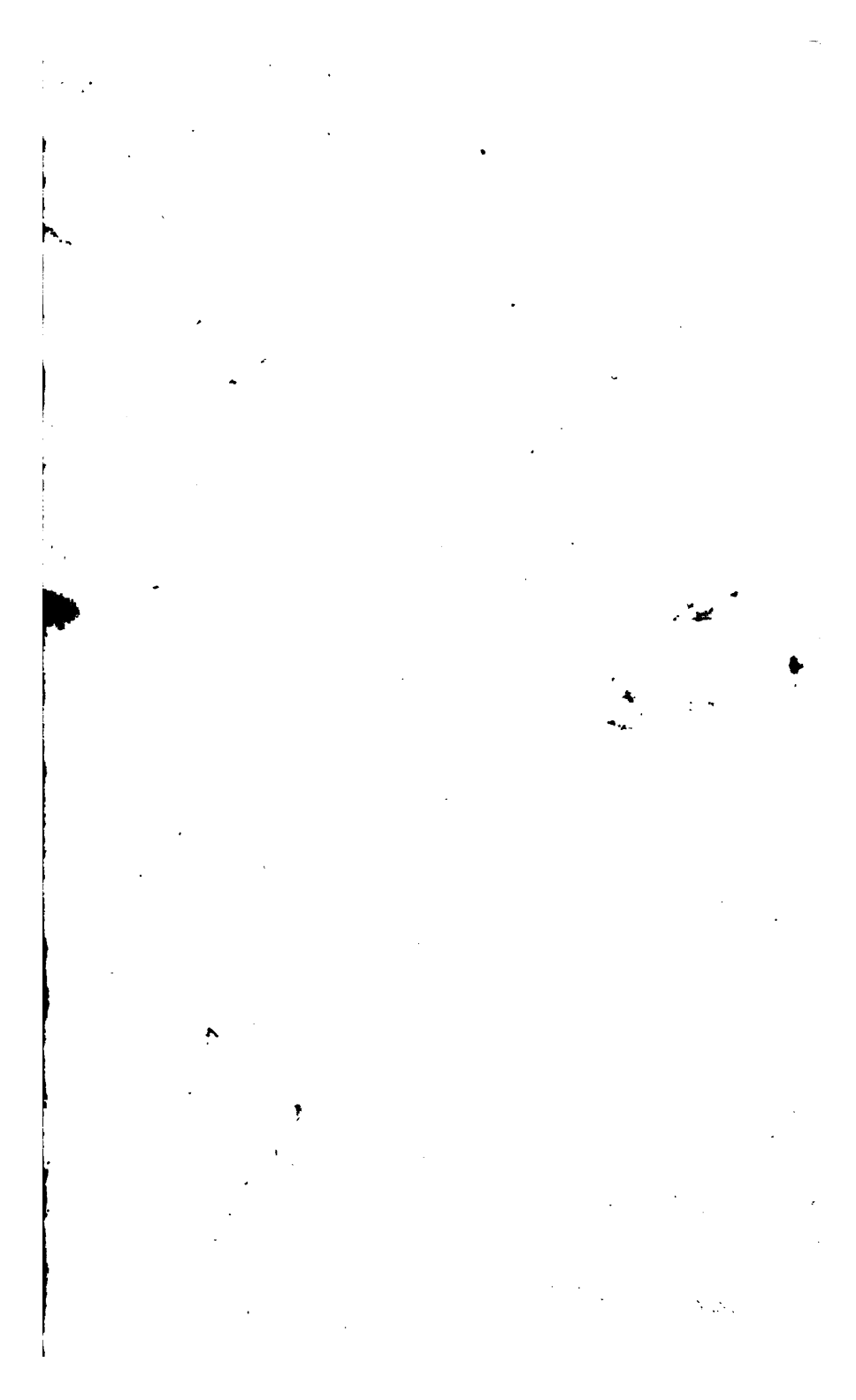
**A PART OF THE INCOME OF THIS  
FUND BEQUEATHED BY FRANCIS  
BOOTT [CLASS OF 1831] IS TO BE  
EXPENDED IN MUSIC AND BOOKS  
OF MUSICAL LITERATURE**

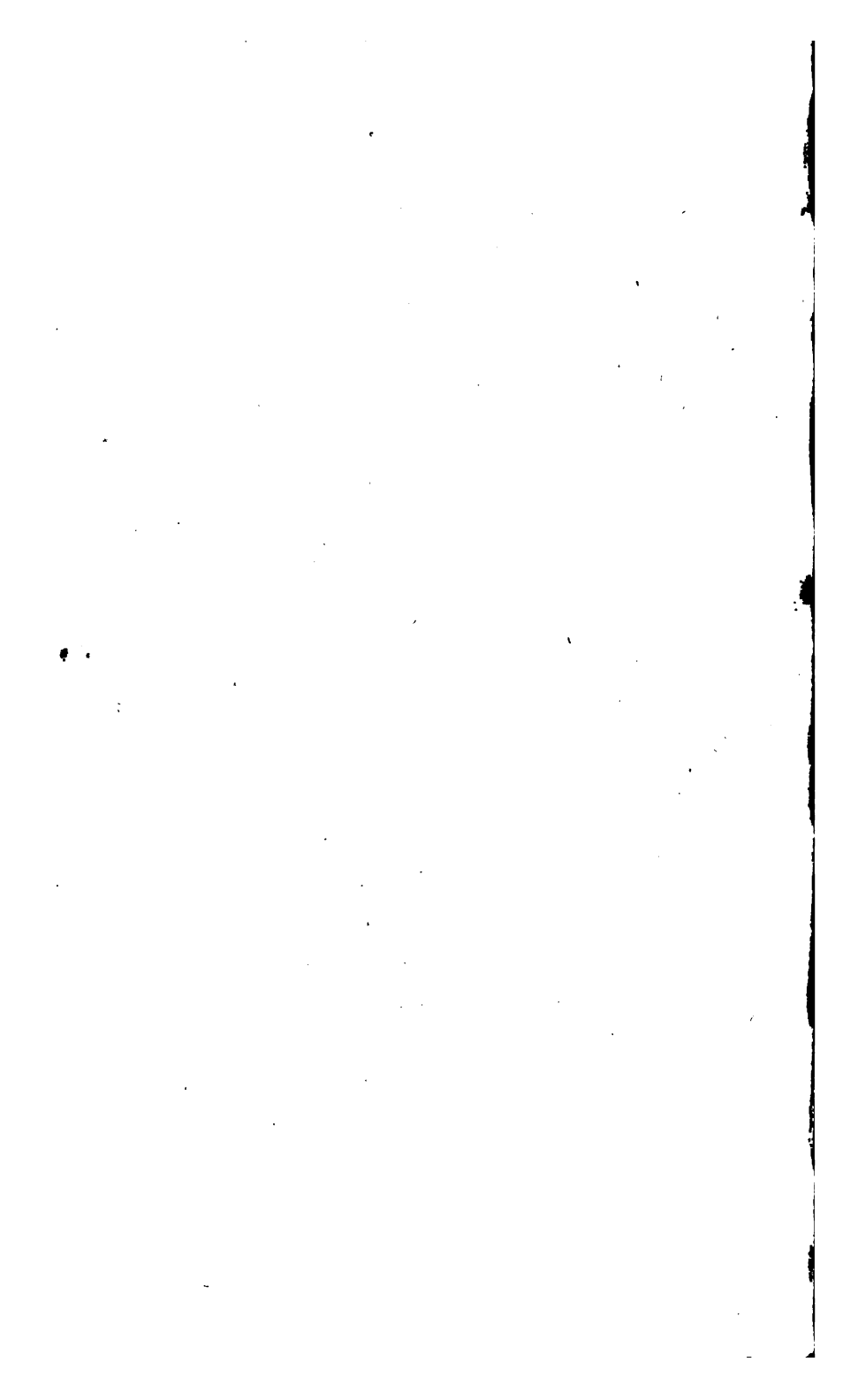














**THE**  
**M E L O D I S T,**

**COMPRISING**

**A SELECTION**

**OF THE MOST FAVOURITE**

**ENGLISH, SCOTCH, AND IRISH**  
**SONGS,**

**ARRANGED FOR THE VOICE, FLUTE, OR VIOLIN.**

---

**BY G. S. THORNTON.**

---

**NEW-YORK:**

**PUBLISHED BY GEORGE SINGLETON**

*At the Office of the Ladies' Literary Cabinet, 194 Greenwich-street.*

---

**PRINTED BY BRODERICK AND BITTER,**  
**No. 2 Dey-street.**  
**1820.**

554,247



*Boott fund*

*Southern District of New-York, ss.*

**BE IT REMEMBERED**, That on the twenty-first day of February, in the forty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, George Singleton, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"The Melodist, comprising a Selection of the most favourite English, Scotch, and Irish Songs. Arranged for the Voice, Flute, or Violin. By G. S. Thornton."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned;" and, also, to an act, entitled "an act supplementary to an act, entitled an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching, historical and other prints."

**G. L. THOMPSON,**

*Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.*

1127  
1127  
1127

## CONTENTS.

---

	Page.
ADOWS yon sloping banks sae green - - - - -	7
Ah, sure a pair was never seen - - - - -	8
Adieu, my native land, adieu - - - - -	19
A Highland laddie heard of war - - - - -	44
A Highland lad my love was born - - - - -	49
A blessing unknown to ambition and pride - - - - -	67
As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping - - - - -	77
All will hail the joyous day - - - - -	110
And has she then fail'd in her truth - - - - -	131
At the peaceful midnight hour, ( <i>The Wolf</i> ) - - - - -	149
Ah! can I e'er forget thee, love - - - - -	150
Adieu! adieu! my native shore - - - - -	227
A prey to tender anguish - - - - -	248
By the pure light of love - - - - -	51
Behold in his soft expressive face - - - - -	57
Believe me if all those endearing young charms - - - - -	97
By Speedwell's silver bosom'd Lake - - - - -	140
CHASE your funning - - - - -	64
Careful the winding path explore - - - - -	241
DEEP in a Vale a cottage stood, ( <i>Dulce Domum</i> ) - - - - -	59
Did you e'er hear a tale - - - - -	112
Dear is my little native vale - - - - -	177
Dear Erin, how sweetly thy green bosom rises - - - - -	243
EEK around the huge oak, that o'ershadows yon mill - - - - -	80
Encompass'd in an angel's frame - - - - -	201

FERVID on the glitt'ring flood	28
Flow Susquehanna, hallow'd stream	56
Fly not yet 'tis now the hour	75
 HAD I a heart for falsehood fram'd	6
How oft, Louisa, hast thou said	21
Henry cull'd the Flow'ret's bloom	27
Hast thou forgot the oak that throws	65
Here mark the poor desolate maid ( <i>Fancy's sketch</i> )	83
Has sorrow thy young days shaded	88
Here's the bower she lov'd so much	100
How blest our condition, how jocund our day	120
Her mouth, which a smile	235
Hush! hush! such counsel do not give	250
 I HAVE a silent sorrow here	87
I have Parks, I have hounds, ( <i>Girl of my heart</i> )	90
I wander'd once at break of day, ( <i>Faithless Emma</i> )	102
I'll love thee ever dearly	125
Is there a heart that never lov'd	161
I have lov'd thee, dearly lov'd thee	169
In the world's crooked path where I've been	173
I came from a land far away, ( <i>Savoyard Boy</i> )	188
Just like love, is yonder Rose	122
 LET Fame sound the trumpet	38
Loudon's bonnie woods and braes	142
Love's blind they say	211
Light as thistle down moving, that floats on the air	245
 MARY I believ'd thee true	53
My heart with love is beating	145
Majestic rose the god of day	180
My friend is the man I would copy thro' life	205
My sev'nteenth year scarce over	232
 OH, where are you going sweet Robin?	14
O, Nanny wilt thou gang with me	16
O, my love's like the red red rose	23
O, why should the girl of my soul be in tears	73
Oh, bright was the morning—all nature adorning	79
On this cold flinty rock I will lay down my head	93

# CONTENTS.

v

Oh, light foot spring! with dripping flowers	- - -	118
Oh, think not my spirits are always as light	- - -	137
Oh, breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade	- - -	174
Our bugles sung truce, for the night clouds had low'r'd	- - -	195
O'er highlands and lowlands to chase the fleet deer	- - -	208
Of a' the airts the wind can blow	- - -	220
Oh, mine be the cottage within the vale	- - -	222

• • • Roy's wife of Aldivalloch	- - -	36
---------------------------------	-------	----

• • • SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot ( <i>Auld Lang Syne</i> )	- - -	3
--	-------	---

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled	- - -	25
---------------------------------	-------	----

• • • • Slow broke the light, ( <i>Bewilder'd Maid</i> )	- - -	30
--	-------	----

Sigh not for love if you wish not to know	- - -	104
---	-------	-----

Scots, you've won fu' mony fights	- - -	144
-----------------------------------	-------	-----

Sweet is the dream, divinely sweet	- - -	213
------------------------------------	-------	-----

Said a smile to a tear	- - -	252
------------------------	-------	-----

THE streamlet that flow'd round her cot	- - -	5
---	-------	---

Though love is warm awhile	- - -	12
----------------------------	-------	----

This blooming rose at early morn	- - -	33
----------------------------------	-------	----

The sun his bright rays may withhold, love	- - -	35
--	-------	----

The morn returns in saffron drest	- - -	55
-----------------------------------	-------	----

The kiss dear maid thy lips have left	- - -	71
---------------------------------------	-------	----

Tell her I'll love her, while the clouds drop rain	- - -	95
--	-------	----

Thine am I my faithful fair	- - -	115
-----------------------------	-------	-----

• • • The moon was beaming silver bright	- - -	147
--	-------	-----

There's not a look, a word of thine	- - -	153
-------------------------------------	-------	-----

The flow'rs of the Forest	- - -	157
---------------------------	-------	-----

The sun's last beams had ting'd the sky	- - -	171
---	-------	-----

Tell me sweet bird, ah, tell me why	- - -	175
-------------------------------------	-------	-----

The rose and the lily their beauties combining	- - -	182
--	-------	-----

'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town	- - -	186
---------------------------------------	-------	-----

This cold flinty heart, it is you who have warm'd	- - -	199
---	-------	-----

The tear fell gently from her eye	- - -	203
-----------------------------------	-------	-----

The broom bloom'd so fresh and so fair	- - -	129
--	-------	-----

The sapling oak, lost in the dell	- - -	133
-----------------------------------	-------	-----

There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet	- - -	214
---	-------	-----

The heath this night must be my bed	- - -	218
-------------------------------------	-------	-----

'Twas near a thicket's calm retreat	- - -	247
-------------------------------------	-------	-----

The ploughman whistles o'er the furrow	- - -	256
--	-------	-----

WHILST with village maids I stray	9
Whate'er my fate where'er I roam	42
What's this dull town to me	48
When deeds of fame at honour's call, ( <i>Home, Love, and Liberty</i> )	69
When first you courted me	85
When first this humble roof I knew	127
When Love gets you fast in her clutches	136
Why, Ella, dear, that pearly tear	159
When the sails catch the breeze	163
When absent from her my soul holds most dear	165
What means my fair, that clouded brow	179
When I quitted the cot that stands lone on the moor	190
While gazing on the Moon's light	193
Why does azure deck the sky	216
When trees did bud, and fields were green	224
When fairies trip round the gay green	239
Where is the nymph whose azure eye	267
Where is the smile that was heav'n to our eye	240
 You say my cottage incomplete	 46
Ye streams that round my prison creep	81
Young Henry was as brave a youth	99
Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon	117

THE  
**MELODIST.**

**Auld Lang Syne.**

*A much admired Scotch Song, as sung by Mr. Sinclair in the Opera of  
Rob Roy.*



Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And



ne - ver brought to mind, Should auld acquaint-



ance be for-got, And days of lang syne.



For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang



syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, For

## THE MELODIST.



auld lang syne. For auld lang syne, my dear,



For auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o'



kindness yet, For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,  
And pud the Gowans fine;  
But we've wander'd mony a weary fitt  
Sin auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, &c.

We twa hae paidlet in the burn,  
We simmer days were prime;  
But seas between us braid hae roar'd  
Sin auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, &c.

And there's a hand, my trusty fere,  
And gie's a hand o' thine;  
And toom the cup to friendship's growths,  
And auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,  
As sure as I'll be mine;  
And we'll tak' a right guid willie waught  
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, &c.



THE MELODIST.

5

The Streamlet.

*Composed by Mr. Shield.*



The stream - let that flow'd round her



cot, All the charms, All the charms of my



E - mi - ly knew; How oft



has its course been for - got, While it paus'd,



While it paus'd her fair im - age to view,



paus'd her fair im - age to view.

Believe me, the fond silver tide

Knew from whence it deriv'd the fair prize;

For, silently swelling with pride,

It reflected her back to the skies.

## Had I a Heart for Falsehood Fram'd.

*Sung by Mr. Philipps.*

Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd, I



ne'er could in-jure you, For tho' your tongue no



promise claim'd, Your charms would make me true.



To you no soul shall bear de-ceipt, No



stranger of-fer wrong, But friends in all the



ag'd you'll meet, And lo-vers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest  
 Another with your heart,  
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest,  
 And act the brother's part ;

## THE MELODIST.

7.

Then lady, dread not here deceit,  
Nor fear to suffer wrong,  
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,  
And brothers in the young.

---

### Sin' Willie's far awa'.

*To the foregoing Air.*

Adown yon sloping banks sae green,  
The banks o' bonnie Ayr,  
Amang their flow'rs I lie at e'en,  
An' dream o' luve sae fair.  
Aboon my head the mavis sang,  
Anither frae the shaw;  
But I could na bide the cannie bird,  
Sin' Willie's far awa'.

I pluck'd a daisy frae its stem—  
It leuk'd sae sweet an' fair!  
"Wee flow'ret o' the morning's gem,  
My bosom thou shalt share:  
But quick my thoughts return'd ance mair  
To him, that's gane afar;  
An' I could na bide the modest flow'r,  
Sin' Willie's far awa'.

Thou wimplin stream, gay, bonnie Ayr!  
Right weel I lo'e thy sight,  
But, ah! thou leuk'st na half sae fair—  
Thou leuk'st na half sae bright!  
Thy blooming braes seem na sae green—  
Thy flow'rs are faded a'  
Sin' my true luve has gane to sea,  
Sin' Willie's far awa'.

## THE MELODIST.

Ah, sure a Pair was never seen.

*As sung by Mr. Philipps in the Opera of the Duenna.*



Ah, sure a pair was ne - ver seen, So



just - ly form'd to meet by na - ture! The



youth ex - cel - ling so in mien, The maid in



ev' - ry grace - ful feature! O how hap - py



are such lo - vers, When kin - dred beauties



each dis - co - vers, For surely she was made for thee,



And thou to bless this charm - ing creature.

# THE MELODIST.

9

So mild your looks, your children thence  
 Will early learn the task of duty;  
 The boys with all their father's sense,  
 The girls with all their mother's beauty.  
 O how charming to inherit,  
 At once such graces and such spirit,  
 Thus while you live may fortune give  
 Each blessing equal to your merit.



## Whilst with Village Maids I stray.

*From the Opera of Rosina.*



Whilst with vil - lage maids I stray,



Sweetly wears the joy - ous day, Whilst with



vil - lage maids I stray, Sweet - ly wears the



joyous day, Cheerful glows my art - - less



## THE MELODIST.

11

stant guest

 Sweetly,

sweetly wears the joyous day, Whilst with vil-

lage maids I stray, Sweetly, sweetly wears the joy-

ous day, - - - - - the

joyous day, the joy - ous day, the

joy - ous day, Sweetly, sweetly wears the joyous



Though Love is Warm awhile.

*Composed and sung by Mr. Braham.*

*Andantino.*







thus did our hearts intwine e'er love was



old. Dearest thy love was mine; My ev' - ry



thought was thine; Thus did our hearts in - twine,



e'er love was old.

But could thy bosom prove  
Faithful, my fair!  
Could'st thou still fondly love,  
Still absence bear!  
Oh! it was sweet to be  
Lov'd as I was by thee;  
But if thou'rt false to me,

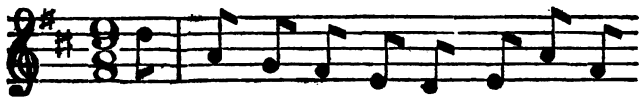


Welcome des - pair.

## Sweet Robin.

*A popular Ballad, sung by Mrs. Cook.*

Moderato.



Oh! where are you go - ing, sweet Robin?



What makes you so proud and so shy? I once



saw the day, lit - tle Ro-bin, My friendship you



would not de - ny; But win - ter a - gain is



returning, And weather both stormy and



snell, Gin ye will come back to me, Robin, I'll



feed you with Moulins my-sel. Oh, where



are you go - ing, sweet Robin? What



makes you so proud and so shy? I once



saw the day, little Robin, My



friendship you would not de - ny.

When summer comes in, little Robin  
Forgets all his friends and his care,  
Away to the field flies sweet Robin,  
To wander the groves here and there.  
Though you be my debtor, sweet Robin,  
On you I will never lay blame,  
For I've had as dear friends as sweet Robin,  
Who often have serv'd me the same.  
Oh! where are you going, &c.

## THE MELODIST.

I once had a lover like Robin,  
 Who long for my hand did implore;  
 At length he took flight just like Robin,  
 And him too I never saw more.  
 But should the stern blast of misfortune,  
 Return him, as winter brings thee,  
 Though slighted by both, little Robin,  
 Yet both your faults I'll forgive ye.  
 Oh! where are you going, &c.



O, Nanny, wilt thou gang with me.

*As sung by Mr. Braham.*



O, Nan - ny, wilt thou gang with



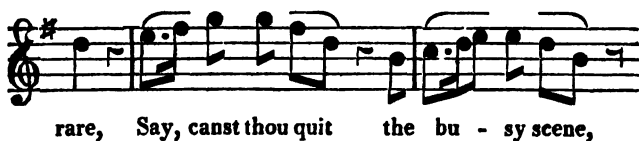
me, Nor sigh to leave the charming town?



Can si - - lent glens have charms for



thee, The low - ly cot and rus - - set





O, Nanny, when thou'rt far awa,  
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind;  
 Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw,  
 Nor shrink before the warping wind?  
 O, can that saft and gentlest mien  
 Severest hardships learn to bear?  
 Nor sad, regret each courtly scene,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O, Nanny, canst thou love so true,  
 Through perils keen wi' me to gae,  
 Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,  
 To share with him the pang of wae?  
 And when invading pains befall,  
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,  
 Nor gently those gay scenes recal  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,  
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?  
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,  
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?  
 And wilt thou o'er his much lov'd clay  
 Strew flow'rs, and drop the tender tear,  
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

# Adieu, my Native Land, adieu!

Andante.



A - dieu, my na - tive land, a-dieu! The



vessel spreads her swel - ling sails; Per - haps



I ne - ver more may view Your fer -



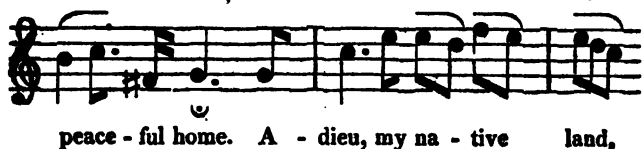
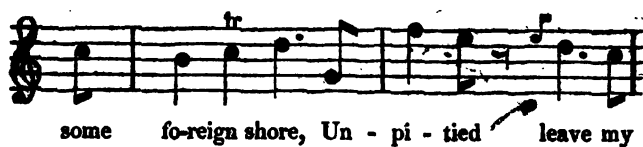
tile fields, your flow' - ry dales. De - lu -



sive hope can charm no more, Far from the



fathless maid I roam, Un - friended seek



Farewell, dear village, O farewell!  
 Soft on the gale thy murmur dies;  
 I hear thy solemn ev'ning bell,  
 Thy spires yet glad my aching eyes.  
 Though frequent falls the dazzling tear,  
 I scorn to shrink from fate's decree;  
 And think not, cruel maid, that e'er  
 I'll breathe another sigh for thee.



In vain, through shades of frowning night,  
 Mine eyes thy rocky coast explore;  
 Deep sinks the fiery orb of light;  
 I view thy beacons now no more.  
 Rise, billows, rise! Blow, hollow wind!  
 (Nor night nor storms nor death I fear)  
 Ye friendly bear me hence to find  
 That peace which fate denies me here.

How oft, Louisa, hast thou said.

*Sung in the Duenna.*



How oft, Lou - i - sa, hast thou said,



Nor wilt thou the fond boast dis - own;



Thou wouldst not lose An - to - nio's



love, To reign the part-ner of a



throne. And by those lips which spoke so



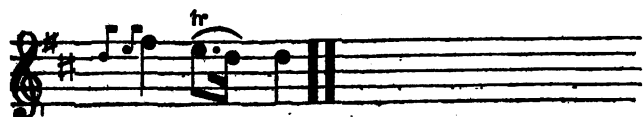
kind, And by this hand I press'd



to mine, To be the lord of



wealth and pow'r, I swear I would not



part with thine.

Then how, my soul, can we be poor,  
 Who own what kingdoms could not buy!  
 Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,  
 And, serving thee, a monarch I.  
 Thus uncontroll'd in mutual bliss,  
 And rich in Love's exhaustless mine,  
 Do thou snatch treasure from my lips,  
 And I'll take kingdoms back from thine.

## The Red Red Rose.

*As sung by Mr. Sinclair in the Opera of Rob Roy.*

**O my love's like the red red rose, That's**

new-ly sprung in June; O my love's like

the me - lo - dy      That's sweet - ly play'd

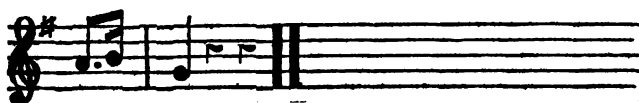
in tune. As fair art thou my

**bonnie, bonnie - lass, So deep in**

love am I, An' I will love thee

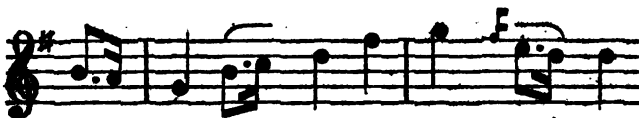


still, my dear, Till a' the seas



gang dry.

2d Verse.



Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,



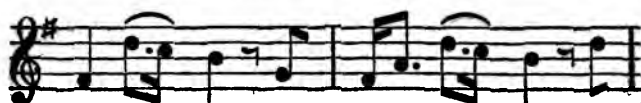
An' the rocks melt wi' the sun, An'



I will love thee still, my dear, While the



sands of life shall run. An'



fare thee weel, my on - - ly love, An'



fare thee weel a - while, An' I



will come a - gain, my love, Tho' it



were ten thou - sand mile.



### Bruce's Address to his Army.

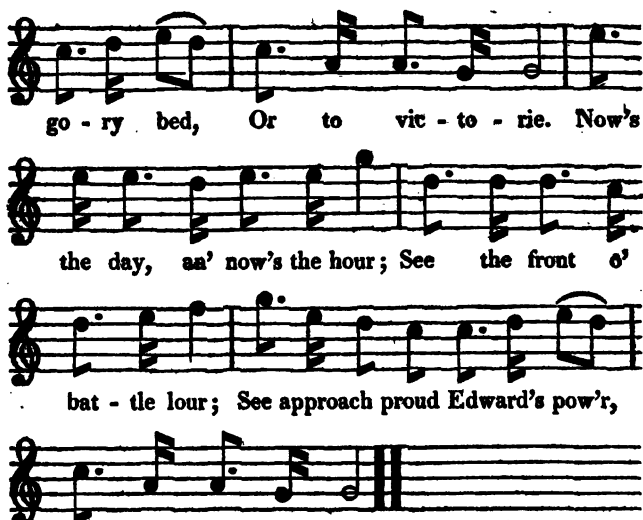
*A favourite Scotch Song, sung by Mr. Incedon.*



Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled, Scots, wham



Bruce has af - ten led; Wel - come to your



go - ry bed, Or to vic - to - rie. Now's  
the day, aa' now's the hour; See the front o'  
bat - tle hour; See approach proud Edward's pow'r,  
Chains an' sla - ve - rie.

Wha will be a traitor knave?  
Wha can fill a coward's grave?  
Wha sae base as be a slave?  
Let him turn an' flee!  
Wha for Scotland's king an' law  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Freeman stan', or freeman fa',  
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes an' pains!  
By your sons in servile chains!  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
But they shall be free!  
Lay the proud usurpers low!  
Tyrants fa' in every foe!  
Liberty's in every blow!  
Let us do, or die!

## Henry Cull'd the Flow'ret's Bloom.

*From the Opera of Rosina.—Composed by Sacchini.*

Hen - ry cull'd the flow'ret's bloom,



Ma - rian lov'd the soft per - fume,



Ma - rian lov'd the soft per - fume, Had



playful kiss'd, but pru - dence near,



whisper'd time - ly in her ear,



Sim - ple Marian, Ah! be - - ware,

## THE MELODIST.



Touch them not, for love is there,



Touch them not, for love is there,



Touch them not, Touch them



not, - - - - - for love is there.



## Fervid on the Glittering Flood.

*Composed by Sir A. Stevenson.*



Fer - vid on the glit'r - ing



flood Now the noon-tide ra - -





diance glows, Droop - ing with



the in - fant bud, Not a dew-



drop's left - - - the rose, left - - -



the rose. By the brook the



shep - herd dines, From the fierce



me - ri - di-an heat Shel - ter'd



. by the 'branch - ing pines, Pen - dant



o'er his gras - sy seat, Pen - dant

o'er - - - his gras - sy seat.

Languid is the landscape round,  
 Till the fresh descending show'r,  
 Grateful to the thirsty ground,  
 Raises ev'ry fainting flow'r.  
 Now the hill, the hedge, is green,  
 Now the warbler's throats in tune;  
 Blithsome is the verdant scene,  
 Brighten'd by the beams of noon.

### The Bewildered Maid.

*Sung by Mr. Philipps.*



Slow broke the light, and sweet breath'd the morn,

When a Mai - den I saw sitting un - der

a thorn; Her dark hair hung loose on



her bare neck of snow, Her eyes look'd be -



wil-der'd, her cheek pale with wo. Oh! whence



is thy sorrow, sweet Mai-den? said I.



The green grave will answer, she said



with a sigh. The merry lark so sweetly



did sing o'er her head; but she thought on



her grief and the battle, she said.

## THE MELODIST.

**2d Verse.**





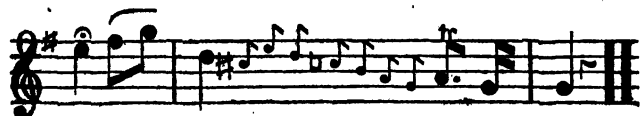
sing, there my true love lies warm. Ah!



Robin be con-stant, my true love was



brave, Sweet Ro - - bin shall



sit and sing o'er his grave.



### This Blooming Rose.

*Composed by T. Philipps.*

*Andante.*



This blooming rose, at ear - ly morn,



Ex - - panding drank the dew; I pluck'd the flow'r

tho' sharp its thorn, I pluck'd the flow'r tho' sharp  
its thorn, Be-cause it  
look'd It look'd like you, Yes,  
yes, it look'd like you. I pluck'd the flow'r  
tho' sharp its thorn, Be cause it  
look'd like you.

But gazing on thy lovely face,  
The semblance fades to view;  
Nor in the rose thy blush I trace,  
Its beauties yield, they yield to you.  
Yes, yes, they yield to you.  
Nor in the rose thy blush I trace,  
Its beauties yield to you.

N.B. The embellishments to be sung *ad libitum* to the second verse.

## The Sun his bright Rays.

*Composed by Mr. Braham.**Largo.*

The sun his bright rays may withhold, love,



Un-re - flect-ed the moon beam may be;



But ne'er till this bo-som be cold love, Shall



its pulse beat for any but thee. For



thou art the joy of my heart, love, All



beauties, thy beauties out - vie; And sooner

than with thee I'd part, love, Thy lover, Thy  
 husband would die. And sooner than with  
 thee I'd part, love, Thy lover, thy hus-  
 band would die.

The Spring's lovely verdure may turn, love,  
 To Autumn's pale, withering hue;  
 The Winter, like Summer, may beam, love,  
 Ere cools my fond ardour for you.  
 For thou art the joy, &c.

### Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.

*Sung by Mrs. French.*

*Andantino.*

Roy's wife of Al-di-val-loch, Roy's  
 wife of Al-di-val-loch! Wot-ye how





she cheated me, As I came o'er the



braes o' Balloch : She vow'd, she swore, she



wad be mine, She said she lo'ed me



best o' ony ! But oh ! the fickle,



faith - less quean, She's ta'en the carl, and



left her Johanie ! Roy's wife of Al-



di - val - loch, Roy's wife of Al - di - val -



loch! Wot ye how she cheated me, As



I came o'er the braes o' Balloch.

Oh! she was a canty quean,  
An' weel could dance the highland walloch;  
How happy I, had she been mine,  
Or, I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.  
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch, &c.

Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,  
Her wee bit mou' sae sweet an' bonny!  
To me she ever will be dear,  
Though she's left her faithfu' Johnnie.  
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch, &c.



### Let Fame sound the Trumpet.

*Sung by Mr. Philipps.*

*Allegro.*



Let Fame sound the trumpet and cry



to the war, Let Glo-ry, let Glo-ry re-



e - cho the strain; - - - - -



The full tide of ho - nour may flow from



the scar, And he - roes may smile,



may smile on their pain. And he -



roes may smile, may smile on their pain.



And he - roes may smile, may smile on their



pain. The treasures of Au - tumn let Bac-



chus dis - play, And stag - ger a - bout with his



bowl; On science let soul beam the lus - tre



of day, And wis - dom give light to the



soul. And wis - dom give light - - - -



- - - - -



- - - - -



- - - - -



- And wis-dom give light to the soul.



And wis-dom give light to the soul.



And wis-dom give light to the soul.

Let India unfold her rich gems to the view,  
 Each virtue, each joy to improve;  
 Oh! give me the friend that I know to be true,  
 And the fair that I tenderly love.  
 What's glory but pride! a vain bubble is fame,  
 And riot, the pleasure of wine;  
 What's riches but trouble! and title's a name!  
 But friendship and love are divine.

## A Soldier's Gratitude.

*Sung by Mr. Keene.**Andantino.*

What - e'er my fate, where - e'er I roam,



By sor - row still op - press'd; I'll



ne'er for - get the peaceful home, That gave



the wand' - rer rest. Then ev - er



rove life's sun - ny banks, By sweetest flow' -



rets strew'd; Still may you claim a sol-



dier's thanks, A sol-dier's gra - ti - tude - -



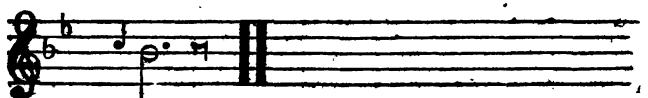
A sol - dier's gra - ti - tude ----



Still may you claim a sol -



dier's thanks, A sol - dier's gra - ti -



tude.

The tender sigh, the balmy tear,  
 That meek-ey'd Pity gave,  
 My last expiring hours shall cheer,  
 And bless the the wand'rer's grave.  
 Then ever rove life's sunny banks,  
 By sweetest flow'rets strew'd,  
 Still may you claim a soldier's thanks,  
 A soldier's gratitude, &c.

# A Highland Laddie heard of War.

*Sung by Mr. Sinclair in the Opera of the Slave.*

*Andante.*



A high-land laddie heard of war,



Which set his heart in mo-tion, He



heard the distant can-non roar, He saw



the smiling o - cean; Come

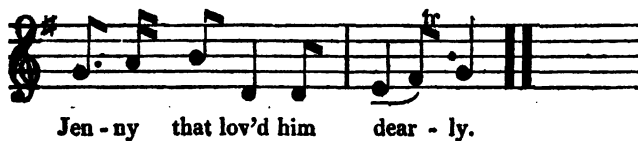


well, come wo, To sea he'd go, And left

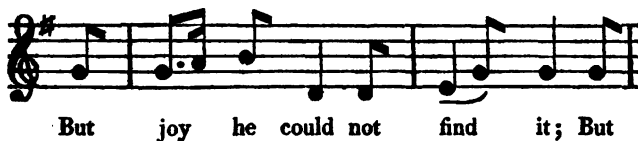


one morn-ing ear - ly, Loch Lomend Ben, And





## 2d Verse.



## THE MELODIST.

rish late and ear - ly, Loch Lo-mond Ben, and  
the wil - low glen, And - - - - -  
Jenny that lov'd him dear - - ly.

## The tranquil Thatch.

*Sung by Mr. Incledon.*

You say my cot - tage in - com-  
plete, Yields not the joys of life,  
I love the unfi-nish'd blest re - treat,  
I love its guest, my wife;



Be - neath the thatch con - tent can sleep,



And la-bour, la - bour reap its joys, For



others woes a - lone I weep, No care



my breast an - noys.

The gilded roof, the vaulted dome,  
 The massy pile of plate,  
 Bespeak, I grant, the splendid home,  
 But envy preys on state;  
 Be't mine to boast the tranquil thatch,  
 Content, domestic ease;  
 Though grandeur scorns to lift the latch,  
 Has grandeur joys like these?

Mark! too, how throbs the courtier's breast  
 Beneath the glitt'ring star,  
 A stranger still to peaceful rest,  
 With calm delight at war.  
 Yon circling smoke that tops the trees  
 Reveals the lov'd retreat,  
 And, wafted by the passing breeze,  
 Shows happiness complete.

## Robin Adair,

*As sung by Mr. Philipps.*

Andante.



What's this dull town to me? Ro - bin's



not near? What was't I wish'd to see,



What wish'd to hear? Where's all the joy



and mirth, Made this town a heav'n on earth?



Oh, they're all fled with thee,



Ro - bin A - dair!

What made th' assembly shine ?

Robin Adair.

What made the ball so fine ?

Robin Adair.

What, when the play was o'er,

What made my heart so sore ?

Oh ! it was parting with

Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me,

Robin Adair.

Yet I'll be true to thee,

Robin Adair.

And him I lov'd so well,

Still in my heart shall dwell,

Oh ! I can ne'er forget,

Robin Adair.



♠ Highland Lad my Love was born.

*Sung in the Opera of Rob Roy.*

*Andantino.*

A highland lad my love was born,

The lowland laws he held in scorn; But

he still was faithful to his clan, My



gal - lant braw John, highland-man. Sing



hey for braw John, highlandman; Sing ho for



braw John, highland-man. There's not a lad



in a' the lan' To match for



my John, highlandman.

With his philabeg and tartan plaid,  
And good clamore down by his side,  
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,  
My gallant braw John highlandman.  
Sing hey for braw John highlandman, &c.

## Dearest Maid I adore thee.

*As sung by Mr. Howard, in Rob Roy Macgregor.*

Allegretto.



By the pure light of love that now



beams from thine eye, By the ma-gic



that breathes in the balm of thy sigh,



By the num-ber-less spells which lie



hid in thy smile, By the bend of thy



brow's ir-re-sist-i-ble wile, I swear,



By those dark, raven locks, which so gracefully flow  
 In affectionate wreaths o'er thy forehead of snow;  
 By the loves and the lures in those dimples that play,  
 And by all the bright charms thy perfections display,  
 I swear, dearest maid, I adore thee.



When old time shall have stol'n that sweet bloom from thy face,  
And bereav'd thy fair form of its beauty and grace ;  
Still sincere to its vow this fond heart shalt thou find,  
Still revering thy worth, and admiring thy mind,  
I swear, dearest maid, I adore thee.

**Mary I believ'd thee True.**

**By T. Moore, Esq.**

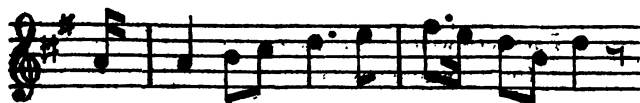
### Andante



Ma - ry I be - liev'd thee true, And



**I was blest in thus be - liev - ing;**



But now I mourn that e'er I knew



A girl so fair and so de - ceiving.



Few have e - ver lov'd like me: O! I



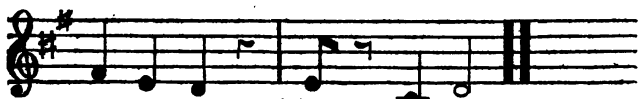
have lov'd thee too sin - cere - ly, And



few have e'er de - ceiv'd like thee: A-



las! de - ceiv'd me too se - vere - ly.



Fare thee well. Fare thee well.

Fare thee well! yet think awhile

On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee;

Who now would rather trust that smile,

And die with thee than live without thee.

Fare thee well! I'll think on thee,

Thou leav'st me many a bitter token;

For see, distracting woman, see,

My peace is gone, my heart is broken.

Fare thee well!

## The Morn Returns.

*From the Opera of Rosina.—Composed by Mr. Shield.*

The morn re - turns in sis - tron drest,



But not to sad Ro - si - na rest;



The blush - ing morn a - wakes the strain, A -



wakes the tune - ful choir, The blush - ing



morn a - wakes the strain, a - wakes the tune -



ful choir, But sad Ro - si - na ne'er a -



gain shall strike the ex - ult ing lyre.

## THE MELODIST.

## Susquehanna.

*By S. of New-Jersey.—To the foregoing Air.*

Flow Susquehanna, hallow'd stream ;  
But not, oh ! not, so clearly gleam.

Why fondly gaze, thou morning sun  
On lonely Wyoming ?  
As if no blight had fall'n upon  
The fancy work of spring !

Ye slopes ! look not so luring gay ;  
My heart can breathe no lightsome lay :  
How can I say your beauty cheers,  
When no dear eyes will shine ?  
How can I smile through gushing tears—  
No heart can answer mine !

Thou cruel stream—roll not so bright—  
Though o'er thee trembling flits the light,  
For now the noblest youth that e'er  
Thy murm'ring steeps address,  
No more the rippling swell to hear,  
Lies cold within thy breast !

Ah ! how we joy'd thy banks to roam,  
We knew—we wish'd no other home  
Than one sweet Cot where woodhines grew—  
And Doves our rivals were,  
While sun-reflecting hum-birds flew  
With music through the air !

Then—then I pour'd a merry song,  
Then tripp'd with lightest foot along—  
But now, in vale or gloom-wrapt grove ;  
The mournful warble falls  
The while I think my dear lost love  
From every floweret calls !

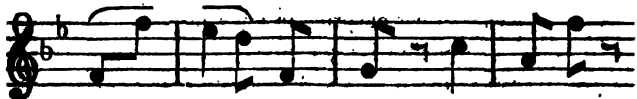
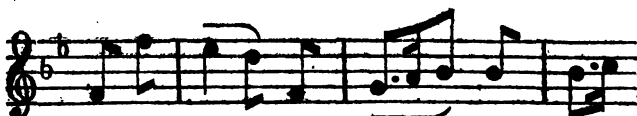
·Oh! stream, thou'rt dear, and would be fair,  
 If he were here thy charms to share,  
 One rose of all thy bord'ring flowers  
 Is passing sweet to see—  
 The wither'd pledge of blissful hours  
 He kiss'd and gave to me!



Behold in his soft expressive face.

*Composed and sung by Mr. Brahman.*

*Affettuoso.*





so sweet-ly beam'd on me! Ah! Ro-



sa - lie, Ah! Ro - sa - lie! Ah! Ro-



sa - lie! that death, that death should se - ver



two hearts, two hearts, that could



have lov'd, have lov'd for e - ver.



Here could I fancy I beheld,  
In thee, sweet boy, her heavenly charms;  
Could think, by hope and love impell'd,  
I clasp'd her offspring in my arms.  
My child! my child!  
My child! like this, was lovely ever,  
Till death decreed our hearts to sever.

## Dulce Domum.

*Composed and sung by Mr. Brahnam.**Largo.*

Deep in a vale a cot-tage



stood, oft sought by trav'lers wea-



ry; And long it prov'd the blest



a - bode Of Edward and of Ma-



ry, Of Edward and of Ma - ry;

For her he'd chase the moun-tain goat,  
g







## 2d Verse.





For war and honour rous'd each Swiss,



And Edward left his Ma-ry, And Ed-



ward left his Ma-ry. To



bold St. Gothard's height he rush'd, 'Gainst Gallia's force



con-tend-ing; And, by un-e-qual num-bers

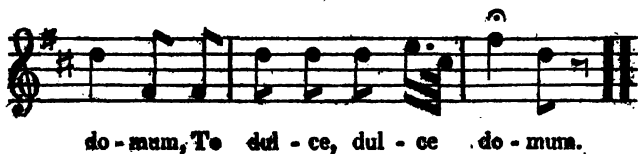
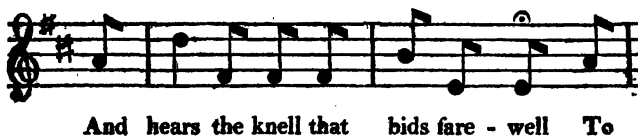


*with emphasis.*

crush'd, He died, his land de-fend-ing. The



ev'-ning come, he sought not home,



## Cease your Funning.



Cease your funning, Force or cunning, Ne-



ver shall my heart tre - pan; All these



sallies are but malice To se - duce my



con - stant man. 'Tis most certain, By



their flirting Wo - men oft have en - vy



shown; Pleas'd to ru - in Others woo - ing, Ne-



ver hap - py in their own.

## Hast thou forgot the Oak?

*Composed by T. Altwood.**Moderato.*

Hast thou for - got the oak that throws Its



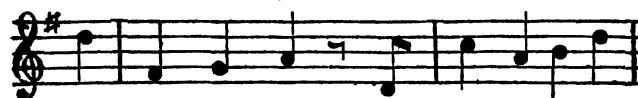
rev' - rend arms a - cross the tide, Which



o'er the root in si - lence flows, From noon's broad



beam its course to hide? My Stel - la there



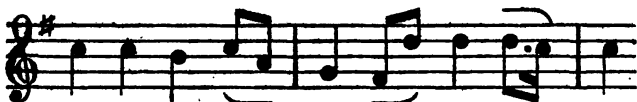
was us'd to stray, When no ob - tru - sive



foot was nigh, At peep of dawn or set - ting



day, To share the oft re - - peat - ed sigh, To



share the oft re - peat - ed sigh, To share



the oft re - peat - ed sigh, re - peat - ed



sigh, re - peat - ed sigh.

There first I mark'd the damask rose  
 Suffusing deep her glowing cheek ;  
 There would the heav'nly eye disclose  
 More than the falt'ring tongue could speak :  
 Till love had taught her timid heart  
 No more its feelings to deny ;  
 Then tear for tear would duly start,  
 And sigh re-echo back to sigh.

## The Wealth of the Cottage.

*Sung by Mr. Incledon.—Composed by Mr. Reeve.*

A bless-ing un-known to am - - bi-



tion and pride, That fortune can ne - - ver



a - - - bate ; To wealth and to splen-dour



Though of - ten de - nied, Yet on po-ver-



ty deigns to a - - wait. That bless-

ing, ye pow'rs, Oh, be it my  
9



lot, The choi - cest, best gift from



a - - - bove ; Deep fix'd in my heart, shall



be ne - ver for-got, The wealth of



the cot-tage is love, The wealth of



the cottage, the wealth of the cottage, the



wealth of the cot-tage, is love.

Whate'er my condition, why should I repine,  
By poverty never distress'd ;  
Exulting I felt what a treasure was mine,  
A treasure enshrin'd in my breast.



That blessing, ye pow'rs, still be it my lot,  
The choicest, best gift from above;  
Still fix'd in my heart, shall be never forgot,  
That the wealth of the cottage is love.



# Home, Love and Liberty.

*Sung by Mr. Keene.—Composed by H. R. Bishop.*



When deeds of fame at honor's call,



The soldier's breast in - - - spire, Though



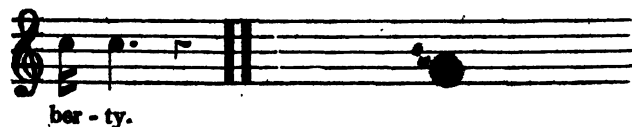
tears from wo - man's eye should fall, To



damp his mar - tial fire ;



Still no un-man-ly sigh or word Should



Yet oft within the hero's breast,  
 Some softer thoughts may steal ;  
 Emotions which, although suppress'd,  
 He cannot cease to feel :  
 But still is heard, at ev'ry pause,  
 This universal cry,  
 Our friends, our country, and our laws !  
 For Home, for Love, and Liberty.

## The Kiss, Dear Maid.

*Written by Lord Byron.**Amoroso.*

The kiss, dear maid, thy lips have



left, Shall ne-ver part from mine, Till



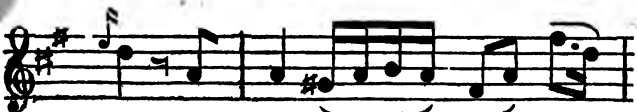
happier hours re - - store the gift, Un-



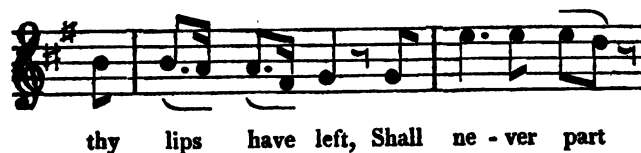
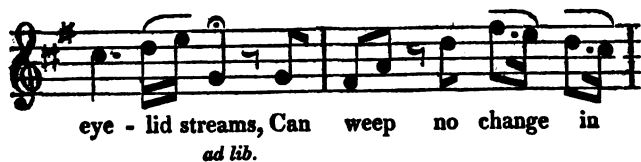
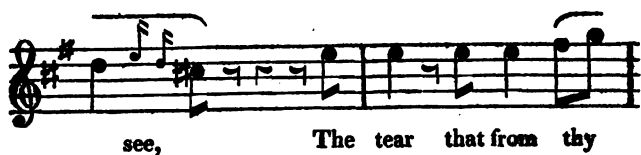
taint - - - - ed, back to thine.



The part - - ing glance that fond - - ly



beams, An e - - - qual love may



## THE MELODIST.

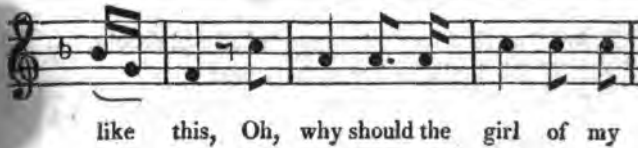
73

I ask no pledge to make me blest,  
In gazing when alone ;  
Nor one memorial for a breast,  
Whose thoughts are all thine own.  
By day or night, in weal or wo,  
That heart, no longer free,  
Must bear the love it cannot show,  
And, silent, ache for thee.



Oh, why should the Girl of my Soul be in Tears.

*Composed by T. Moore, Esq.*



A musical score in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, consisting of six staves. The melody is written on a treble clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes. The music features a mix of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests. The final staff ends with a double bar line.

rapture like this, When the gloom of the  
past and the sorrows of years Have been  
paid by a mo-ment of bliss, When  
the gloom of the past and the sor-rows  
of years Have been paid by a mo-  
ment of bliss.

Are they shed for that moment of blissful delight,  
Which dwells on her memory yet?

Do they flow like the dew of the love-breathing night,  
From the warmth of the sun that has set?

Oh! sweet is the tear on that languishing smile,  
That smile which is loveliest then;  
And if such are the drops that delight can beguile,  
Thou shalt weep them again and again.

## Fly Not Yet.

*A favourite Irish Melody.*

Fly not yet, 'tis now the hour When beau-



ty shines with magic pow'r, That youth, in-



flam'd by Fan-cy bright, Im - pels each son of



joy to flight, And pleasure sways supreme ;



'Tis now when Sol's re - - - tir'd to rest, To



her fond lo - ver's heart soft press'd, Each maid



with hopes and fears o'erflow - ing, All of truth



and vir-tue glowing. Then stay, Oh, stay.



Hours like these so sel-dom reign, This hour



we ne-ver can re-gain; Oh, wherefore go



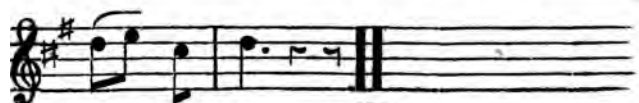
we hence? Then stay, Oh, stay.



Hours like these so sel-dom reign, This hour



we ne-ver can re-gain; Oh, wherefore



go we hence?



Fly not yet the glass with scorn,  
 Or lovely woman's angel form ;  
 Such beauteous forms as erst of old  
 Fam'd Erin's sons did oft behold ;

Oh, wherefore go we hence ?  
 While other minstrels seek the glade,  
 And pine in some dark sylvan shade,  
 Here woman reigns, young Cupid smiling,  
 Ev'ry roseate hour beguiling.

Then stay, Oh, stay.  
 Hours like these so seldom reign,  
 This hour we never can regain ;  
 Oh, wherefore go we hence ?

Then stay, Oh, stay.  
 Hours like these so seldom reign,  
 This hour we never can regain ;  
 Oh, wherefore go we hence ?

— — — — —

### Kitty of Coleraine.





stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled, And all



the sweet but - ter-milk water'd the plain. Oh,



what shall I do now, 'twas looking at you now,



Sure, sure such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet a-



gain; 'Twas the pride of my dai-ry; O



Bar-ney Mac Cleary, You're sent as a plague



to the girls of Coleraine.

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,  
 That such a misfortune should give her such pain ;  
 A kiss then I gave her, and before I did leave her,  
 She vow'd for such pleasure she'd break it again.  
 'Twas hay-making season, I can't tell the reason,  
 Misfortune will never come single, 'tis plain ;  
 For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster  
 The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.



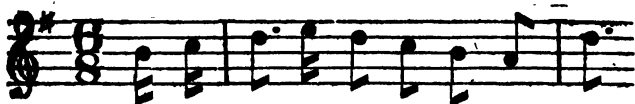
### Ellen of Bloomingdale.

*By S. of New-Jersey.—To the foregoing Air.*

Oh, bright was the morning—all nature adorning—  
 The robin sung sweetly adown the deep vale ;  
 When first, sporting lightly, where flow'rs sparkled brightly,  
 I met the young Ellen of fair Bloomingdale.  
 Her hair streaming wildly—her eyes beaming mildly—  
 Her form, like the willow, so light in the gale ;  
 Pure, pure as the fountain that comes from the mountain,  
 Is Ellen, gay Ellen, of fair Bloomingdale.

I've seen beauty smiling—each sorrow beguiling—  
 I've seen the soft tear o'er that smiling prevail ;  
 Like spring's trembling rose is (when the dew-drop reposes)  
 The moist cheek of Ellen of fair Bloomingdale.  
 Yes ! she blooms like some flower, of morning's first hour,  
 That gives, in retirement, its sweets to the gale :  
 Oh, dear to my bosom, as life's tender blossom,  
 Is Ellen, the fairest in fair Bloomingdale.

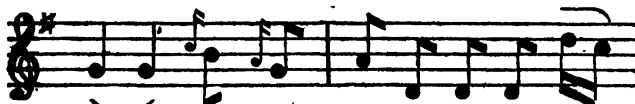
## Ere around the huge Oak.

*Composed by Mr. Shield.*

Ere a - round the huge oak that o'er - sha-



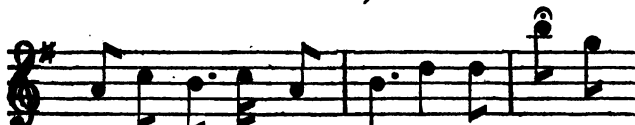
dows yon mill, The fond i - vy had dar'd to en-



twine; Ere the church was a ru - - in



that nods on the hill, Or the rook



built his nest on the pine, Or the rook built



his nest on the pine.

Could I trace back the time, a far distant date,  
 Since my forefathers toil'd in this field ;  
 And the farm I now hold on your honour's estate  
 Is the same that my grandfather till'd.

He, dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,  
 Which unsullied descended to me ;  
 For my child I'll preserve it, unblemish'd with shame,  
 And it still from a spot shall be free.



### Ye Streams that round my Prison creep.

*Composed by S. Storace.*



Ye streams that round my pri-son



creep, If on your mos-sy bank



you see My gallant lo-ver,



you see my lo-ver stand and weep, Oh mur-

mur, Oh mur -- mur this com - mand  
from me : Thy mis -- tress bids thee haste  
a - way, Thy mis - tress bids thee haste  
a - way, a -- way - - - - -  
And shun the broad - - - ey'd,  
watchful day.

Ye gales that love with me to sigh,  
If in your breezy flight you see  
My dear Floreski ling'ring nigh,  
Oh whisper this command from me :  
Thy mistress bids thee haste away,  
And shun the broad-ey'd, watchful day.

## 'Tis but Fancy's Sketch. .

*A celebrated Song sung by Mr. Philipps.*

Here mark the poor de - - so - late maid,



By a pa - rent's am - bi - tion be - tray'd;



Be - hold on her fast fa - ding cheek The



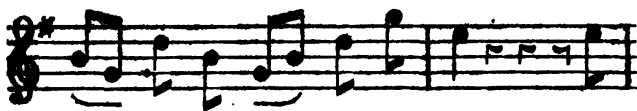
tears that her a - go - ny speak; And



here stands the well be - lov'd youth, Calling



hea - ven to wit - ness his truth; And



here stands the mur - der - ous wretch : But



mark me, But mark me, 'tis - - -



- - - but fan - - cy's sketch ; Ah !



'tis but fan - - cy's sketch.

Behold, in his face are express'd,  
The passions that rage in his breast ;  
Here read while he dares to demand  
Of her parents, this maiden's fair hand ;  
While deep in his dungeon secur'd,  
A still living wife is immur'd,  
Who curses the murderous wretch :  
But start not, 'tis but fancy's sketch.  
Ah ! 'tis but fancy's, &c.



## Donald.

*A favourite Scotch Air.*

When first you court - ed me,



I own I fond - ly fa-



vour'd you; Ap - - pa - - rent worth



and high re - - nown Made me



be - - lieve you true, Donald.



Each vir - tue then seem'd to a-



dorn The man es - - - teem'd



by me, But now the mask's



thrown off, I scorn To waste



one thought on thee, Donald.

O then for ever haste away,  
 Away from love and me ;  
 Go seek a heart that's like your own,  
 And come no more to me—Donald.  
 For I'll reserve myself alone,  
 For one that's more like me ;  
 If such a one I cannot find,  
 I fly from love and thee—Donald.

I have a silent Sorrow here.



I have a si - lent sor - row here,



A grief I'll ne'er im - part; - - - - It



breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear, But



it con - - sumes my heart. This cherish'd



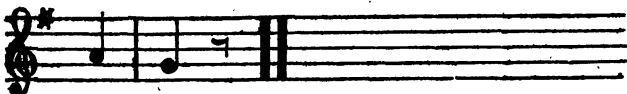
wo, this lov'd de - - spair, My lot for e-



ver be; So, my soul's lord, the



pangs I bear Be ne - ver, ne - ver known



by thee.

And when pale characters of death  
 Shall mark my alter'd cheek ;  
 When my wasted, trembling breath,  
 My life's last hope would speak,  
 I shall not raise my eyes to Heav'n,  
 Nor mercy ask for me ;  
 My soul despairs to be forgiv'n  
 Unpardon'd, Love, by thee.

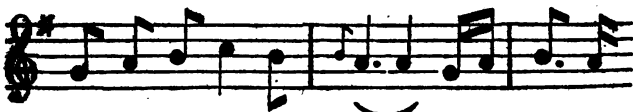


Has sorrow thy young days shaded.

*Words by T. Moore, Esq.—Arranged by Sir J. A. Stevenson.*



Has sor-row thy young days shaded, As



clouds o'er the morning fleet? Too fast have



those young days fa - ded, That e - ven in



sor - row were sweet? Does Time with his



cold wing wither Each feel - ing that once



was dear? Come, child of mis - for - tune!



hi - ther, I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has love to that soul so tender  
 Been like our Lagenian mine,  
 Where sparkles of golden splendour  
 All over the surface shine?  
 But if in pursuit we go deeper,  
 Allur'd by the gleam that shone,  
 Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,  
 Like love the bright ore is gone.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,  
 That flitted from tree to tree  
 With the talisman's glittering glory—  
 Has Hope been that bird to thee?  
 On branch after branch alighting,  
 The gem did she still display,  
 And, when nearest and most inviting,  
 Then waft the fair gem away?

If thus the sweet hours have fled,  
 When sorrow herself look'd bright;  
 If thus the fond hope has cheated,  
 That led thee along so light;  
 If thus the unkind world wither  
 Each feeling that once was dear;—  
 Come, child of misfortune! come hither,  
 I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.



### The Girl of my Heart.

*Andante.*



I have parks, I have grounds, I have deer,



I have hounds, And for sport - ing a neat



lit - tle cottage; I have youth, I



have wealth, I have strength, I have health; Yet I



mope like a beau in his do-tage.



What can I want but the girl of my



heart, To share those trea - sures with



me; For had I the wealth which the



la - dies im - part, No plea - - - sure



would it give me, With - out the love-



ly girl of my heart, With - out the love - ly



girl of my heart, The sweet love - ly girl



of my heart, For had I the wealth which



the In - dies im - part, No plea-



sure would it give me, With - - - out



the love - ly girl of my heart.



My domain far extends and sustains social friends,  
 Who make music divinely enchanting;  
 We have balls, we have plays, we have routs, public days,  
 And yet still I feel something is wanting:  
 What should it be but the girl of my heart,  
 To share those treasures with me?  
 But had I the wealth which the Indies impart,  
 No pleasure would it give me,  
 Without the lovely girl of my heart, &c.



### On this cold flinty Rock.

*Composed and sung by Mr. Braham.*

*Larghetto.*



On this cold flin - ty rock I will lay down



my head, And hap - py I'll sing thro' the night;



The moon shall smile sweetly up - on my cold bed,



And the stars crowd to give me their light!



Then come to me, my gen - tle dear, O



turn thy sweet eyes to me ; To my bo-



som now creep, I will sing thee to sleep,



And kiss from thy lids the sad tear, And - - - -



kiss from thy lids the sad tear.

This innocent flower which these rude cliffs unfold,

Is thou, love ! the joy of this earth !

But the rock that it springs from, so flinty and cold,

Is thy father that gave thee thy birth.

Then come to me, &c.

The dews that now hang on the cheek of the eve,

And the winds that so mournfully cry,

Are the sighs and the tears of the youth thou must leave,

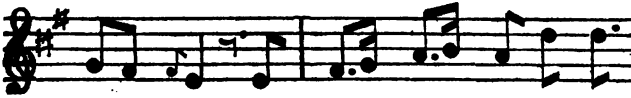
To lie down in these deserts to die.

Then come to me, &c.

## Tell her I'll love her.

*Andantino e Grasso.*

Tell her I'll love her while the clouds



drop rain, Or while there's wa-ter in



the path-less main; Tell her I'll love her



till this life is o'er, And then my



ghost shall vi-sit this sweet shore; Tell



her I'll love her till this life is o'er,



And then my ghost shall vi - sit, shall vi-



sit this sweet shore. Tell her I on-



ly ask she'll think on me; I'll



love her while there's salt with - - in the sea.



Tell her all this, tell it, tell it o'er and



o'er, I'll love her while there's salt with-



in the sea, Tell her all this,



tell it, tell it o'er and o'er; The anchor's weigh'd

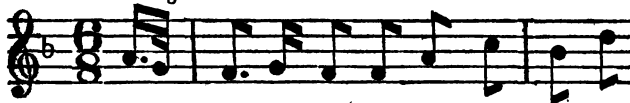


or I would tell her more.



### Believe me.

With feeling.



Be - - lieve me, if all those en - dear - ing



young charms, Which I gaze on so fond - ly to -



day, Were to change by to - mor - row, and



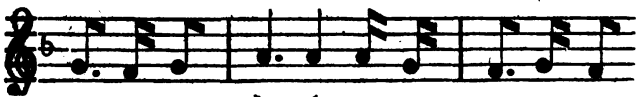
fleet in my arms, Like fai - ry gifts fa - ding



a - - - way, Thou wouldst still be ador'd as



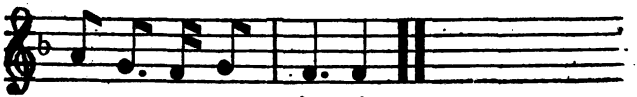
this moment thou art; Let thy love - li - ness



fade as it will, And a - round the dear



ru - in each wish of my heart, Would entwine it-



self verdant - ly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thy own,  
 And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,  
 That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,  
 To which time will but make thee more dear!  
 Oh! the heart that has truly lov'd, never forgets,  
 But as truly loves on to the close;  
 As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,  
 The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

## Young Henry.

*Composed and sung by Mr. Braham.*



glo - ry, She sigh'd for love,



and he for glo - ry.

With her his faith he meant to plight,  
And told her many a gallant story,  
Till war, their honest joys to blight,  
Call'd him away from love to glory.

Brave Henry met the foe with pride ;  
Jane follow'd—fought—(ah ! hapless story,)  
In man's attire, by Henry's side :  
She died for love, and he for glory.



### Here's the Bower.

With expression.



Here's the bow'r she lov'd so much, And the



tree she planted ; Here's the harp she





us'd to touch ; Oh ! how that touch en - chant-ed !



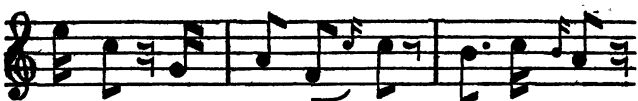
Ro-ses now un --- heeded sigh ; Where's the hand



to wreath them ? Songs a-round ne - glect - ed



lie ; Where's the lip to breathe them ? Here's



the bow'r she lov'd so much, And the tree



she planted ; Here's the harp she us'd to



touch ; Oh ! how that touch en - - chanted !

Spring may bloom, but she we lov'd,  
 Ne'er shall feel its sweetness ;  
 Time that once so fleetly mov'd,  
 Now hath lost its fleetness.  
 Years were days when here she stray'd ;  
 Days were moments near her ;  
 Heav'n ne'er form'd a brighter maid,  
 Nor pity wept a dearer.  
 Here's the bow'r, &c.

—••—

### Faithless Emma.

*Andante.*



I wander'd once at break of day,



While yet up-on the sun-less sea, In



wanton sighs the breeze de-lay'd, And o'er



the wa-vy, wa-vy sur-face play'd. Then



first the fair - est face I knew, First



lov'd the eye of soft - - est blue, And ven-



tur'd fearful first to sip The sweets, the



sweets that hung up - - on the lip Of faith - less



Emma, Of faith - less. Emma, That hung up-



on the lip Of faith - less Emma.

So mix'd the rose and lily's white,  
That nature seem'd uncertain quite,  
To deck her cheek, what flow'r she'd choose,  
The lily or the blushing rose !

I wish I ne'er had seen her eye,  
 Ne'er seen her cheek of doubtful die—  
 And never, never dar'd to sip  
 The sweets that hung upon the lip  
 Of faithless Emma!

For though from rosy dawn of day,  
 I rove along, and anxious stray,  
 Till night with curtain dark descend,  
 And day no more its gleamings lend;  
 Yet still like her's no cheek I find,  
 Like her's no eye—save in my mind,  
 Where still I fancy that I sip  
 The sweets that hung upon the lip  
 Of faithless Emma!

Sigh not for Love.

*Sung by Mr. Philipps.—Composed by M. P. King.*

*Allegretto.*

Ah! sigh not for love, if you wish

not to know Ev'ry torment that waits on us

mor-tals be - low; If you fain would a - void



all the dan - gers and snares That at - tend hu-



man lot, and es - - - cape all its cares,



Sigh not for love, Sigh not for love, Sigh



not for love, Sigh not for love; If you



fain would a - void all life's dan - gers and



snares, Sigh not for love. If



cheer - ful - ness smile on the glass as you



**sip, And you wish not to dash the sweet**



cup from your lip ; If life's rill you'd see



sparkle with pleasure's gay beam, nor de-



**stroy the gay bub-bles that rise on the**



**stream, Nor de - - - stroy the gay bub - bles that**



rise on the stream, Sigh not for love,



**Sigh not for love. Ah! sigh not for love**



if you wish not to know Ev'-ry torment



that waits on us mor-tals be-low ; If



you fain would a-void all life's dan-gers



and snares, Sigh not for love.



If you dread the sharp pangs that as-sail the



fond heart ; If you wish to shun sorrow, and



mirth would impart ; If you prize a calm life,



with con - - tent - ment and ease ; If plea - - sure



can charm you, and li - ber - ty please,



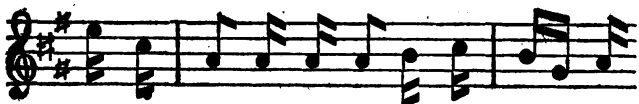
Sigh not for love, Ah! sigh not for



love - - - Sigh not for love. Ah!



sigh not for love if you wish not to know



Ev' - ry torment that waits on us mor - tals



be - low; If you fain would a - void all





the dan - gers and snares That at - tend hu-



man lot, and es - - cape all its cares,



Sigh not for love, Sigh not for love,



Sigh not for love, Sigh not for love;



If you fain would a - void all life's

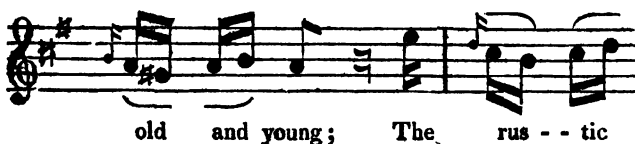


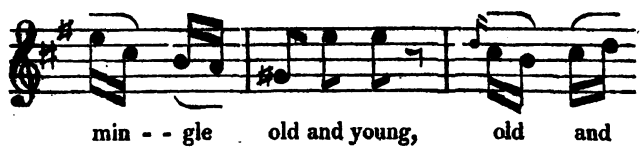
dan - gers and snares, - - - - - Sigh



not for - - - - - love.

## All will hail the joyous Day.

*Sung in the Siege of Belgrade.—Composed by S. Storace.*





Yuseph shall, with sullen pride,  
 Envy joys to wealth denied ;  
 And, as we trip with merry glee,  
 Shall wish himself as poor as we.  
 The sprightly bells, &c.

### Adown, adown, adown in the Valley.

*Sung by Mr. Bland.—Composed by Mr. Sanderson.*





must be deny'd, Yet all the while wish'd to say



Yes; For when on her pil-low, She



sigh'd for the wil-low, Where Ed-ward first



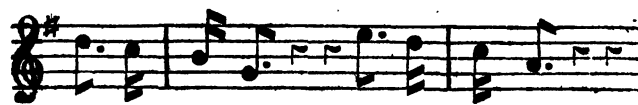
saw pret-ty Sal-ly; Or ra-ther



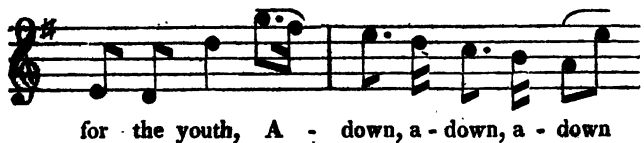
in truth, she sigh'd for the youth, A-



down, adown, a-down in the valley,



in the val-ley, in the val-ley,



Did you ne'er hear it said, when he ask'd her to wed,  
 And told her true love prompted so,  
 How this silly maid spoke,—to be sure 'twas in joke,  
 For she answer'd him, "Shepherd, no, no :"  
 Yet when on her pillow, she sigh'd for the willow,  
 Where Edward first saw pretty Sally ;  
 Or rather, in truth, she sigh'd for the youth,  
 Adown, adown, adown in the valley.

But, ah ! now you shall find, how this maid chang'd her mind,  
 When a twelvemonth had pass'd after this ;  
 For when he next press'd at the church to be bless'd,  
 O, she answer'd, " dear Shepherd, yes, yes."  
 Nor when on her pillow, more sigh'd for the willow,  
 Where Edward first saw pretty Sally ;  
 But bless'd the fond day they to church flew away,  
 Adown, adown, adown in the valley.

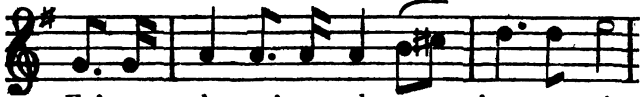
## Thine am I my Faithful Fair.

*Sung by Mr. Philipps.—Composed by John Whitaker.**Amoroso.**f.*

Thine am I, thine am I my faithful



fair; Thine, thine my love - - ly Nan - cy;



Ev'-ry pulse, ev'-ry pulse a - - long my veins,



Ev'-ry ro - ving fan - - cy: To



thy bo - som lay my heart, There to



throb, to throb and languish; Tho'



de - spair had wrung its core, That would



heal, that would heal its an - guish. To  
 thy bo - som lay my heart, There to  
 throb, to throb and languish; Tho'  
 de - spair had wrung its core, That would  
 heal, that would heal its an - guish.

Take away, take away those rosy lips,  
 Rich, rich with balmy treasure;  
 Turn away, turn away thine eyes of love,  
 Lest I die with pleasure:  
 What is life when wanting love?



Night, night with - out a morning:  
 Love's the cloudless summer sun,  
 Nature gay, nature gay adorning.



## Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon.



Ye banks and braes o' bon - nie Doon,



How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?



How can ye chant, ye lit - tle birds,



And I sae wea - ry, fu' of care?



Thou'lt break my heart, thou war - bling bird,



That wan - tons through the flow' - ry thorn;



Thou mind'st me of de - - part - ed joys;



De - part - ed, ne - ver to re - turn.

Oft have I rov'd by bonnie Doon,  
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;  
 And ilka bird sang o' its love,  
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.  
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;  
 And my fause lover stole my rose,  
 But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.



### The Absent Friend.

*By S. of New-Jersey.—To the foregoing Air.*

Oh! light foot spring! with dripping flowers,  
 No more thou charm'st my roving eye;  
 Far roams my own—my only friend;  
 Now, now, sad heart! 'twere bliss to die!  
 And why should'st thou, poor, mateless one,  
 Delight to stay mid lovely fields,  
 Where ev'ry riv'let, bower and tree,  
 The sweets of blighted pleasures yields?

Gay Spring ! there have been moments when,  
Oft as the sun danc'd o'er the thorn,  
I joy'd to hear each trembling bird  
Call forth its mate to share thy morn !  
I joy'd, with rapture's thrill sincere,  
For then the dear one, far away,  
Smil'd when I smil'd, sung as I sung,  
And hail'd with me the infant day !

That tender warbler, fond and free,  
My own warm thoughts so well express'd,  
His joyous mate so blithly came  
To pillow on his faithful breast,  
That now, 'tis wo the strain to hear—  
It brings back days of soul-felt peace ;  
It tells of him I cannot see—  
Cease ! wild, sweet bird ! in mercy cease.

Moon-lighted Hudson ! from thy rocks  
How brightly did thy waves expand,  
When hanging on his arm I felt  
His glowing heart beat 'gainst my hand !  
Oh ! hush ye waves—look darkling now,  
Nor heave your snowy plumes so high ;  
Fade all ye scenes where once we stray'd—  
Your beauties only prompt the sigh !

## How Bless'd our Condition.

*Composed by Mr. Shield.*

How bless'd our con - di - tion, how jo - cund



our day! Ye swains, can our plea - sures be



told? To range in sweet or - der the



rows of new hay; To lead the stray'd lamb



to the fold; To fetch up the kine for the



maid - en we love, And guard her from noon's



burn - ing beam; To guide her dear steps,  
 when she leads thro' the grove, The hei - fer which  
 pants, the hei - fer which pants, The hei - fer, the  
 hei - - fer which pants for the stream.

To carry her pail when with milk it o'erflows,  
 To wait while she rests on the stile;  
 To gather the king-cup, the woodbine, and rose,  
 To make her a posy the while.

'Tis Fanny, the lovely, who causes my smart,

'Tis she does all maidens excel;

If you ask her dear name who has conquer'd my heart,

'Tis Fanny, sweet Fanny, 'tis Fanny, sweet Fanny,

Fanny, sweet Fanny, the pride of the Dell.

## Just like Love.

*Composed by Mr. John Davy.**Andantino.*

Just like love is yon - der rose;



Heav'nly fra - grance round it throws;



Yet tears its dew, --- y leaves dis - close,



And in the midst of bri-ars it blows, Just



like love, just like love, just like love,



just like love. Cull'd to bloom up - - on



the breast, Since rough thorns the stem in - vest,



They must be gather'd, be gather'd with the rest,



and with it, with it to the heart be press'd,



Just like love, just like love, just like love. D.C.



And when rude hands the twin buds se - ver, They



die, and they shall blossom ne - ver, Yet the



thorns be sharp as e - ver, yet the thorns



be sharp as e - ver, Just like love,



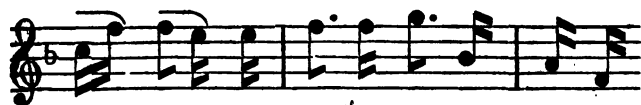
just like love. Just like love is yon-



der rose; Heav'nly fra - grance round it



throws; Yet tears its dew ---- y leaves



dis - close, And in the midst of bri - ers



it blows, Just like love, just like love, And



in the midst of bri - ers it blows, it blows,



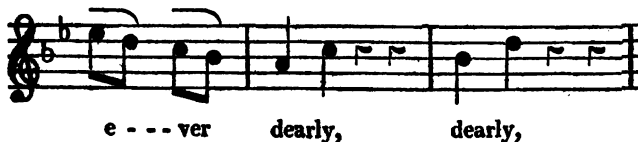
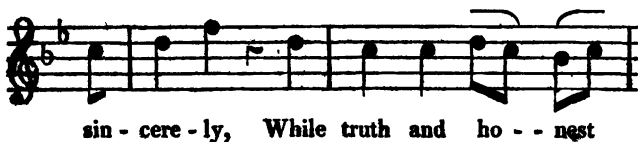


I'll love thee ever Dearly.

*Composed and sung by Mr. T. Cook.*

*Grazioso.*







thine, I'll love thee e - - - ver dear-ly,



dear-ly, love thee e - - - ver dear-ly.

Then, lady, though I scorn the wiles  
Which love too oft discovers,  
Ne'er spurn the heart that woos in smiles,  
For smiles were made for lovers.  
And though no tender vows are mine,  
Yet this I swear sincerely—  
While truth and honest love are thine,  
I'll love thee ever dearly.



### When first this humble Roof.

*Composed by Mr. Jackson.*



When first this hum - ble roof I knew,



With va - rious cares I strove; My grain

was scarce, my sheep were few, My all of  
life was love. By mu - tual  
toil our board was dress'd, The spring our  
drink be - - stow'd; But when her lip the  
brim had press'd, The cup with nec - tar  
flow'd, with nec - - tar flow'd.

Content and peace the dwelling shar'd,  
No other guest came nigh;  
In them was giv'n, though gold was spar'd,  
What gold could never buy.  
No value has a splendid lot,  
But as the means to prove,  
That from the castle to the cot,  
The all of life is love.

## She lives in the Valley below.

*Composed by Mr. Hook.*

The broom bloom'd so fresh and so fair,



The lambkins were sport-ing a - - round,



When I wander'd to breathe the fresh air,



And by chance a rich treasure I found: A



lass sat beneath a green shade, For whose smiles



the whole world I'd fore - - go ; As bloom-ing



Her song struck my ear with surprise,  
 Her voice like the nightingale sweet ;  
 But love took his seat in her eyes,  
 Where beauty and innocence meet.  
 From that moment my heart was her own ;  
 For her, ev'ry wish I'd forego ;  
 She's beauteous as roses just blown,  
 And she lives in the valley below.

My cottage with woodbine o'ergrown,  
 The sweet turtle dove cooing round ;  
 My flocks and my herds are my own ;  
 My pastures with hawthorn are bound.  
 All my riches I'll lay at her feet,  
 If her heart in return she'll bestow ;  
 For no pasture can cheer my retreat,  
 While she lives in the valley below.

And has she then fail'd in her Truth.

*Sung by Mr. Sinclair.—Composed by Bishop.*

*Andantino. ♩.*



And has she then fail'd in her truth,



The beau-ti--ful maid I a--dore? Shall



I ne-ver a-gain hear her voice, Nor



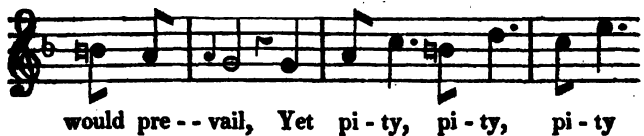
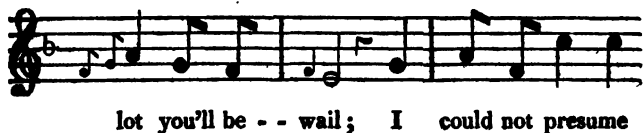
see her lov'd form a - ny more? No, no, no,



I shall ne-ver see her more, No, no, no,



I shall ne-ver see her more, No, no,







Since ha - tred a - lone I in - spire, Life



henceforth is not worth my care; Death now is



my on - ly de - sire; I give my - self



up to de - - - spair. And

### The Sapling Oak.

*Sung by Mr. Isaacs, at Covent-Garden Theatre.*



The sap - ling oak lost in the dell,



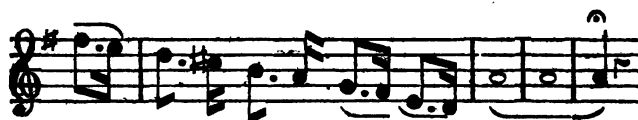
•Where tan - gled brakes its beau - ties spoil,



And ev' - ry in - fant shoot re - pel,



Droops hope - less o'er th' ex - haust - ed soil,



Droops hopeless o'er th' ex-haust - ed soil,



hopeless o'er th' ex-hausted soil. At length



The wood - man clears around, Where'er the

*Pia Allegro.*



noxious thick - - ets spread, And high re-



viv - ing o'er the ground, The fo - rest's





high re - viv - ing o'er the ground, The fo-



rest's mo - narch lifts his head, The fo-



rest's monarch lifts his head.



### When Love gets you fast.

*Composed by Dr. Arnold.—Sung by Mrs. Bland.*



When love gets you fast in her clutches,



And you sigh for your sweetheart a - way ;



Old Time can - not move without crutches,



A - - lack, how he hobbles, Well - a - day,

*Slow.*



Well-a-day, Well-a-day, Well-a-day, Well-a-day,

*Tempo.*



A - - lack ! how he hobbles, Well - a - day.

But when Walter my trembling hand touches,  
And love's colourings o'er my cheeks stray,  
Old Time throws aside both his crutches ;  
Alack ! how he gallops, Well-a-day.

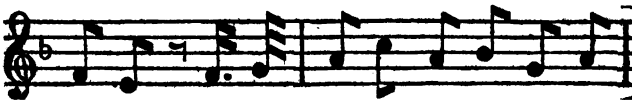


Oh ! think not my Spirits.

*Playful.*



Oh ! think not my spi-rits are al-ways



as light, And as free from a pang as they



seem to you now; Nor ex - - pect that the heart-



beaming smile of to-night, Will re - - turn



with to-morrow, to brighten my brow; No,



life is a waste of wea - ri - some hours, Which



sel - dom the rose of en - - joyment a - dorns;



And the heart that is soon - est a - wake to the



flow'rs, Is always the first to be touch'd by



the thorns ! But send round the bowl, and be



hap - py awhile ; May we ne - ver meet worse



in our pil - grimage here, Than the tear that



en - joyment can gild with a smile, And the



smile that compas - sion can turn to a tear.

The thread of our life would be dark, heaven knows !

If it were not with friendship and love intertwin'd ;

And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,

When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind !

But they who have lov'd the fondest, the purest,

Too often have wept o'er the dream they believ'd ;

And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship secure,

Is happy, indeed, if 'twas never deceiv'd.

But send round the bowl—while a relic of truth  
 Is in man or in woman, this pray'r shall be mine,—  
 That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,  
 And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

By Speedwell's silver bosom'd Lake.

*Words by S. Graham.*



By Speed - well's sil - ver bo-



som'd lake, Where fra - - grant wood - bines



twine, How dear to stray through



flow'r and brake, With my sweet Ca-



ro - - line. There oft, up - on



the mar - - - gin glade, At morn-  
ing's earliest ray, I wan - - der  
with my love - - ly maid, And list  
her dul - - cet lay.

At noon, the shadowing elm beneath,  
Serenely I recline,  
And wild-flow'r chaplets fondly wreath,  
For lovely Caroline.  
There, too, by Cynthia's pensive light,  
All happily we rove,  
Beguiling time's unconscious flight,  
With simple tales of love.

Oh ! dearer to my bosom's swell  
Than all the world beside,  
Is Speedwell's happy, rural dell,  
Where love and peace reside :  
There would I climb life's morning sky ;  
There gently would decline ;  
And there at last sequester'd lie,  
Beside my Caroline.

# Loudon's bonnie Woods and Braes.

*Words by R. Tennahill.*



Loudon's bonnie woods and braes, I maun lea'



them a', las-sie; Wha can thole when Britain's



faes Wad gie Bri - tons law, las - sie?



Wha wad shun the field o' danger? Wha from fame



wad live a stranger? Now, when freedom bids a-



venge her, Wha wad shun her ca', las - sie?



Louden's bonnie woods and braes Hae seen our



hap - py bri - dal days, And gen - tle hope shall



sooth thy waes When I am far a - wa, lassie.

Hark ! the swelling bugle sings,  
 Yielding joy to thee, laddie,  
 But the dolefu' bugle brings  
 Waefu' thoughts to me, laddie ;  
 Lanely I may climb the mountain,  
 Lanely stray beside the fountain,  
 Still the weary moments countin',  
 Far frae love and thee, laddie :  
 O'er the gory fields of war,  
 When vengeance drives her crimson car,  
 Thou'lt, maybe, fa', from me afar,  
 And nane to close thy e'e, laddie.

O, resume thy wonted smile !  
 O, suppress thy fears, lassie !  
 Glorious honour crowns the toil  
 That the sodger shares, lassie ;

Heaven will shield thy faithfu' lover  
 Till the vengeful strife is over,  
 Then we'll meet, nae mair to sever,  
     Till the day we die, lassie ;  
 Midst our bonnie woods and braes  
 We'll spend our peacefu', happy days,  
 As blythe's yon lightsome lamb that plays,  
     On Loudon's flow'ry lee, lassie.



### Wallace's Address,

#### AT THE BATTLE OF DUMBARTON.

*By S. of New-Jersey.—To the foregoing Air.*

Scots ! you've won fu' mony fights—  
     Yonder stan' the foe, laddies !  
 Will ye die for nature's rights ?  
     Let nane answer no, laddies.  
 Oh, 'twould curse your chief wi' weeping :  
 Shamefu' tears his brown cheek steeping,  
 Freedom's flame, there proudly keeping,  
     Might forget its glow, laddies !  
 Sodgers ! brothers ! grip your airns—  
 Think o' wife an' helpless bairns—  
 Fight ! an' if we fill the cairns—  
     Oh ! we'll na lie low, laddies.

Grasp—grasp hard your fathers' blade—  
     Scotia's auld braidsword, laddies ;  
 He wha is o' death afraid,  
     Need na wait the word, laddies.  
 Scots ! your bonnie thistle flower  
 Blooms by mony a lassie's bower,  
 Wha for ye, at this grand hour,  
     Prays till Heav'ns high Lord, laddies.

Sodgers ! heroes ! firmly tread,—  
 Think o' eld's bare, hoary head—  
 Strew yon field wi' tyrant dead !—  
 Strike ! strike wi' stubborn sword, laddies.

Scots ! not e'en Dumbarton wa's  
 Are sae strong or hie, laddies,  
 But we can, in our country's cause,  
 Mak' our entrance free, laddies !  
 Tent your left arms wi' your plaidies—  
 Tyrant sires an' southron ladies  
 Lang sal moura your biting blaidies,  
 Faint to hear o' ye, laddies !  
 Sodgers ! brothers ! ane an' a',  
 Your tartan'd genius gies ye law—  
 Wallace ! Wallace leads awa'—  
 Slaves sal know the free, laddies.



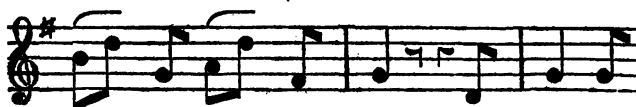
### My Heart with Love is beating.

*Sung by Mr. Braham.—Composed by Mr. Shield.*

Moderato.



My heart with love is beating, Trans-



port - ed by your eyes ; A - las ! there's



no re - treating; In vain a cap - tive



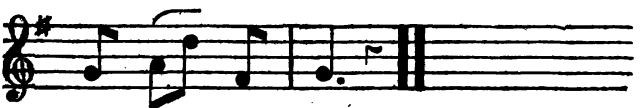
flies: Then why such an - ger cherish?



Why turn thy eyes a - way? For if you



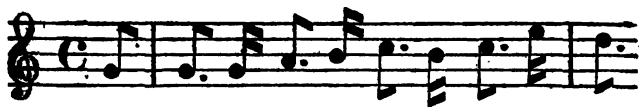
bid me pe - rish, A - - - - las!



I must o - - bey.

Could deeds my heart discover;  
 Could valour gain thy charms,  
 I'd prove myself a lover,  
 Against a world in arms.  
 Proud fair, thus low before thee,  
 A prostrate warrior view;  
 Whose love, delight, and glory,  
 Are centred all in you.

## The Soldier's Bride.

*Sung by Mr. Philipps.*

The moon was beaming sil - ver bright; The eye



no cloud could view; Her lover's step in si - lent



night, Well pleas'd, the dam - sel knew: At midnight



hour, beneath the tow'r, He murmur'd soft, "Oh, no -



thing fear - ing, With thine own true soldier fly, And



his faithful heart be cheering: List, dear, 'tis I,



List, list, list, love, List, dear, 'tis I, With



thine own true soldier fly."

Then whisper'd Love—" Oh, maiden fair,  
Ere morning shed its ray,  
Thy lover calls—all peril dare,  
And haste to horse away !

In time of need,  
Yon gallant steed,  
That champs the rein, delay reproving,  
Shall each peril bear thee by,  
With his master's charmer roving :  
List, dear, 'tis I ;  
With thine own true soldier fly."

And now, her gallant soldier's bride,  
She's fled her home afar ;  
And chance, or joy, or wo betide,  
She'll brave with him the war !

And bless the hour,  
When 'neath the tow'r,  
He whisper'd soft, " Oh, nothing fearing,  
With thine own true soldier fly,  
And his faithful heart be cheering :  
List, dear, 'tis I ;  
With thine own true soldier fly !



## The Wolf.

*Composed by Mr. Shield.*

At the peace - ful midnight hour, E - ve-



ry sense and e - ve - ry pow'r Fetter'd lies



in downy sleep, Then our care - ful watch



we keep, Then our care - ful watch we keep.

*Andante col. espressione.*

While the wolf, in nightly prowls, Bays the moon



with hideous howl, While



the wolf, in nightly prowl, Bays the moon with



hideous howl, While the wolf, in night-ly



prowl, Bays - - - - -

*Allegro con spirito.*



the moon with hideous howl. Gates are barr'd,



a vain re - sistance ; Females shriek, but



no as - sist - ance ; Silence, Silence,

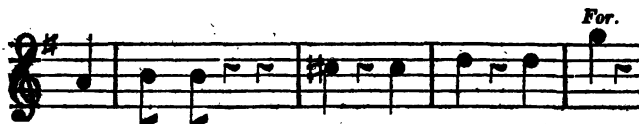


or you meet your fate, Silence, or you meet

*Pia.*



your fate ----- Your keys,



your jewels, cash, and plate, Your keys,



your jewels, your jewels, cash and plate,



Your jewels, cash, and plate, Your jewels, cash,



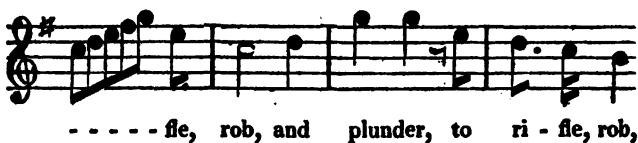
and plate. Locks, bolts, and bars



soon fly a - sun - der, Locks, bolts, and bars



soon fly a - sun - der, Then to ri - fle, rob,



There's not a Look, a Word of Thine. .



There's not a look, a word of thine,



My soul hath e'er for - - got, My soul



hath e'er for - - got; Thou ne'er hast bid a



ring - - let shine, Nor giv'n thy locks one grace-



ful twine, Which I re - mem - ber not,



which I re - mem - - ber not.

There never yet a murmur fell,  
 From that beguiling tongue,  
 Which did not, with a ling'ring spell,  
 Upon my charmed senses dwell,  
 Like something heav'n had sung.

Ah! that I could at once forget  
 All, all that haunts me so;  
 And yet, thou 'witching girl, and yet  
 To die were sweeter than to let  
 The lov'd remembrance go.

No, if this slighted heart must see  
 Its faithful pulse decay,  
 Oh! let it die rememb'ring thee,  
 And, like the burnt Aroma, be  
 Consum'd in sweets away.



Ah! can I e'er forget thee, Love.

*Sung by Mr. Nichols.—Composed by Bishop.*

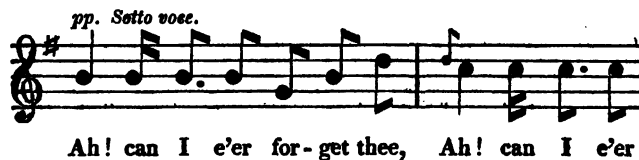
*Andante amoroso.*



Ah! can I e'er for - - get thee, love!



When far from thee a - - - way? Should







## The Flowers of the Forest.

*Composed by Mr. Hook.*

The flow'rs of the fo - rest in spring-



time were gay, And love heighten'd



ev' - - ry soft plea - sure of May;



My Ma - ry stray'd with me where-



e - - ver I went, And my heart was



the man - sion of peace and con-



tent: But, a - las! she has left me



for pastimes more gay, And the



flowers of the fo - rest all wither



a - - - way, And the flowers of the



fo - rest all wither a - way.

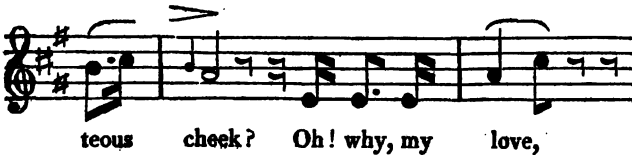
The flow'rs of the forest in spring-time were gay,  
And the smile of my Mary gave wings to the day;  
But past are those pleasures, no more to return;  
Her charms I adore, and her falsehood I mourn;  
For, alas! she has left me for pastime more gay,  
And the flowers of the forest all wither away.

The flow'rs of the forest in spring-time were gay ;  
 Like their fragrance, my bliss and fond hopes pass away ;  
 Fond hopes which I caught from the glance of her eye,  
 Now, blighted by sorrow, fade, wither, and die ;  
 For, alas ! she has left me for pastime more gay,  
 And the flowers of the forest all wither away.

Why, Ella, dear.

*Sung by Mr. Vaughan.—Words by Mr. George Fisher.*

*Andante.*





ten - der heart - - - - - would break ?

*Expressivo.*



Ah ! whither's fled the ro - se's red,



Of late thy cheeks' pure die ?



Ah ! where's the light of beau - ty bright, Late



spark - ling in thine eye ? Ah ! where's



the light of beau - ty bright, Late



spark - ling in thine eye ?

Does aught molest  
 Thy gentle breast  
 That friendship's sacred balm can move ?  
 Or can thy grief  
 Yet find relief  
 From tender sympathy and love ?  
 Oh, hush thy fears—  
 Oh, dry thy tears,  
 For in this heart thou'lt dwell,  
 Till, press'd by death,  
 My latest breath  
 Shall sigh its last farewell !



### Is there a Heart that never Lov'd.

*Sung by Mr. Philipps.—Composed by Mr. Braham.*

*Larghetto.*



Is there a heart that ne-ver lov'd, Nor



felt soft wo-man's sigh? Is there a



man can mark, unmov'd, Dear woman's tear-



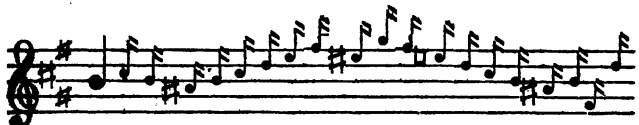
ful eye? Oh! bear him to some distant



shore, Or so - li - ta - ry cell,



Where none but savage monsters' roar, Where



Love - - - - -



ne'er deign'd to dwell.



For there's a charm in woman's eye,

A language in her tear,

A spell in every sacred sigh,

To man, to virtue dear:

And he who can resist her smiles,

With brutes alone should live,

Nor taste that joy which care beguiles—

That joy her virtues give.

**When the Sails catch the breeze.**

*Composed by Mr. Hook.*

A musical staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of eight notes: D4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), F#4 (half), G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C5 (quarter), and B4 (quarter). There are no accidentals other than the key signature.

an - chor is weigh'd, To bear me from An-

na, my beau - ti - ful maid, The top

mast as - cend - ing I look for my

dear, And sigh that her fea - tures

im - - per - fect ap - pear, Till aid - ed





The pleasing delusion not long can prevail ;  
 High rise the proud waves, and more brisk blows the gale ;  
 The gale that regards not the sigh that it bears,  
 The proud waves still unmov'd, though augmented by tears.  
 Ah ! will ye not one single moment delay !  
 Oh ! think from what rapture you bear me away :  
 Then my eyes strain in vain my dear Anna to view,  
 And a tear drops from each as I sigh out, Adieu !

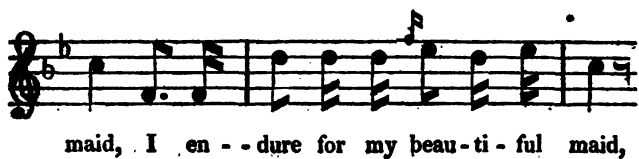
Yet some comfort it gives to my agoniz'd mind,  
 That I still see the land where I left her behind—  
 The land that gave birth to my charmer and me,  
 Though less'ning, my eyes beam with pleasure to see :  
 'Tis the casket that holds all that's dear to my heart ;  
 'Tis the haven where yet we shall meet ne'er to part,  
 If the fates are propitious to lovers so true ;  
 But if not, dearest Anna, a long, long Adieu !

### The Beautiful Maid.

*Sung by Mr. Philipps.—Composed by Mr. Braham.*

*Andantino.*

When absent from her my  
 soul, my soul holds most dear, What



*Adagio con espress.*

hope and what fear I en - dure for my



beau - ti - ful maid - - - I en -

*Al tempo.*

dure for my beau - - ti - - ful maid.

## SECOND VERSE.



In vain I seek pleasure to



light - en, to light - en my grief,



Or quit the gay throng, or



quit the gay throng for the shade;



Nor re - tire - ment nor so - li - tude



yield me re - lief, When a - - - way from



my beau - ti - ful maid, When a - - way from



my beau - ti - ful maid, When a - - way from my



beau - ti - ful maid, Nor re - - tire - ment



nor so - li - tude yield me



re - - - lief, When a - - way from my beau -



ti - ful maid, When a - - way



from my beau - - ti - ful maid.

I have lov'd thee, dearly lov'd thee.

*Andantino.*



I have lov'd thee, dear - ly lov'd thee,



Through an age of world - ly wo;



How un - grate - ful I have prov'd thee,



Let my mourn - ful ex - ile show;



Ten long years of anx - ious ser - row,



Hour by hour I count - - ed o'er, Look-



ing forward till to - - mor - row; Ev'-



ry day I lov'd the more,



Ev' - - ry day I lov'd thee more.

Pow'r nor splendour could not charm me;  
 I no joy in wealth could see;  
 Nor could threats or fears alarm me,  
 Save the fear of losing thee:  
 When the storms of fortune press'd thee,  
 I have wept to see thee weep;  
 When relentless cares distress'd thee,  
 I have lull'd those cares to sleep.

## The Maid with Eyes so blue.

*Composed by F. W. Southwell.*

The sun's last beams had ting'd the

*f*

sky With ma - ny a streak of gold-

*f*

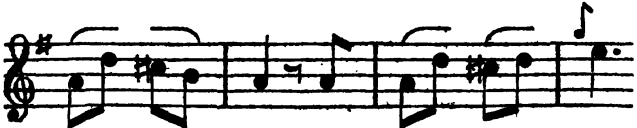
en - - - die, And o'er the lake the



breeze of eve Stole ma - ny a



soft - - - ly break, - - ing wave. Then



down the vale as lone I stray'd,



Her cheek was pale—the hand of care  
 Had mark'd its deep impression there :  
 Yet, by her soft, expressive eye,  
 Love seem'd to cause the bitt' rest sigh.



I spoke of love—she deeply sigh'd,  
 And strove the starting tear to hide;  
 Then first I lov'd—then first I knew  
 The lovely maid with eyes so blue.

### A Smile from the Girl of my Heart.

*Composed by Mr. Shield.*



In the world's, in the world's crooked path



where I've been, There to share of life's gloom my poor



part, The sun-shine that soften'd, that



soften'd the scene, Was a smile from the



girl of my heart, a smile from the girl of



my heart; The bright sunshine that soften'd the



scene, Was a smile from the girl of my heart.

Not a swain, not a swain, when the lark quits his nest,  
But to labour with glee will depart,  
If at eve he expects, he expects to be bless'd  
With a smile from the girl of his heart.

Come, then, crosses and cares, come cares as they may,  
Let my mind still this maxim impart,  
That the comfort, the comfort of man's fleeting day  
Is a smile from the girl of his heart.



Oh! breathe not his Name.



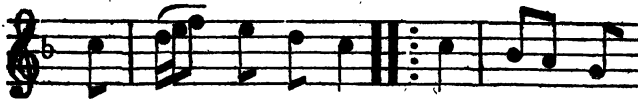
Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep



in the shade, Where cold and un-ho-nour'd

# THE MELODIST.

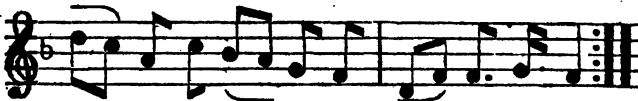
175



his re - lics are laid: Sad, si - lent



and dark be the tears that we shed, As the



night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,  
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;  
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,  
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.



## Tell me, sweet Bird.

*Composed by Morehead.*

*Andantino.*



Tell me, sweet bird, ah! tell me why Thy



plain - tive strain should words de - ny, To sooth



a lo - ver's a - go - ny? Thy plaintive strain



should words de - ny, To sooth a lo - ver's a -



go - ny? Thy an - swer seems to say, O,



fie! what words e'er lack'd Or - - lan - do's eye, To



speak in sweet - est me - - lo - - dy.

Tell me, sweet bird, ah! kindly tell,

If in Love's eye such magic dwell:

Why Cupid sightless do we see?

Thy answer says, Too oft the mind,

By fancy cheated, wears the blind

Of heart-corroding jealousy.

Then, pretty warbler, does, ah! say,

Orlando's mind such tints display;

Or will he e'er prove false to me?

Thine answer seems to say, Be just,

True love should ever scorn mistrust,

And meaner curiosity.

Dear is my little native Vale.





ing vil - la - ger. The squir - rel leaps from



tree to tree, And shells his nuts at



li - ber - ty, The squir - rel leaps from tree to



tree, And shells his nuts at li - ber - ty.

In orange groves and myrtle bow'rs,  
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,  
I charm the fairy-footed hours,  
With my lov'd lute's romantic sound,  
Or crowns of living laurel weave,  
For those who win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,  
The ballet danc'd in twilight glade,  
The canzonet and roundelay,  
Sung in the silent greenwood shade;  
These simple joys, that never fail,  
Bind me to my native vale.

## What means, my Fair, that clouded Brow.

*Composed by J. B. Taylor, Esq.**Allegretto moderato.*

What means, my fair, that cloud - ed



brow? Come, prithee, ba - nish sorrow;



While hap - - pi - - ness at - tends us now,



Why need we mind to - - mor - row?



De - - sponding looks a - - vert not wo;



Mis - - for - tune may o'er - take you;



But, as the wheel re - - verts, you know, she



quick - ly will for - sake you.

Those evils which we cannot mend,  
By patience seem the lighter ;  
And when the storm is at an end,  
The sun of joy shines brighter.  
So, banish gloom and grim despair ;  
Let friendship's counsel cheer you ;  
For discontent but hastens care,  
And joy will ne'er come near you.



### Rosa and Henry.

*From the Comedy of "The Secret."*



Ma - jes - tic rose the god of day, In



yon bright burnish'd sky ; Old O - cean kindled





at the ray, And heav'd himself on high. On the



deck Henry stood, To view the swell -- ing



tide; Ah! no, Henry, no, he tho't not of



the flood; 'Twas Ro - sa by his side.

Now softly sank the setting sun,  
 Beneath his wat'ry bed;  
 The ev'ning watch was hush'd and done;  
 The pilot hung his head:  
 On the deck Rosa staid,  
 To watch the waters glide;  
 Ah! no, Rosa, no,  
 Such thought ne'er touch'd the maid;  
 'Twas Henry by her side.

## The Rose and the Lily.

*Sung by Mr. Braham.—Composed by S. Storace.*

*Andantino.*



The rose and the li - - ly their beau-



ties com - bining, De - light in a - dorning



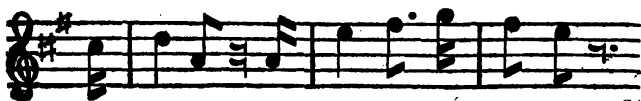
a form so di - - vine; Such charms to a



peasant con - signing; Ah! must I re - sign?



For - bid it, ye pow - ers, to love 'tis



a treason, to love 'tis a treason.



Am - bi - tion, as - - suming the semblance of



rea - son, Commands me with scorn the mean



thought to de - cline. The rose and the li - ly



their beauties com - bining, De - light in



a - dorn - ing a form so di - - vine;



Such charms to a pea - sant con - sign - ing;



Ah! must I re - sign? Ah! must I re -

*Allegro Furioso.*

sign? Wealth. and pow'r, what are ye worth,



what are ye worth, To plea - sure if



ye give not birth? Rich in



am - bi - tion's gild - ed toys, I bar - ter



them for re - - al joys, Rich in



am - bi - tion's gild - ed toys, I bar - - -



- - - - - ter them - - - - -



I bar-ter them for re-al  
 joys, I bar - - ter them for re-  
 al joys, for re - al joys, for re - al  
 joys, for re - al joys.

Within a Mile of Edinburgh Town.

*Composed by Mr. Hook.*

'Twas with - in a mile of Edin-  
 burgh town, In the ro - - - sy time of



Jockie was a wag that never wad wed,  
 Though lang he had follow'd the lass ;  
 Contented she earn'd and ate her brown bread,  
 And merrily turn'd up the grass.  
 Bonnie Jockie, blithe and free,  
 Won her heart right merrily ;  
 Yet still she blush'd, and, frowning, cried, Na, na, it winna do;  
 I canna, canna, winna, winna, manna buckle to.

But when he vow'd he wad mak' her his bride,  
 Tho' his flocks and his herds were not few,  
 She gied him her hand, and a kiss beside,  
 And vow'd she'd for ever be true.  
 Bonnie Jockie, blithe and free,  
 Won her heart right merrily :  
 At kirk she nae mair frowning cried, Na, na, it winna do,  
 I canna, canna, winna, winna, manna buckle to.

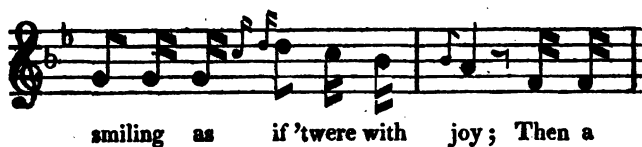
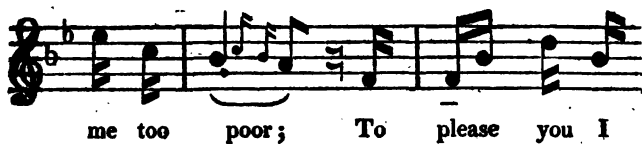


### The Savoyard Boy.

*Composed by Mr. Dibdin.*

I come from a land far a - - way  
 far a - way, My pa - rents to keep







lieve a poor Sa - voyard Boy, To re - - lieve



a poor Sa - voyard Boy.

When round me the children I see,  
 So careless and happy appear,  
 I sigh while they listen to me,  
 And oft, as I play, drop a tear.  
 I cannot help thinking that they  
 Can fly to their parents with joy;  
 While mine, they are far, far away—  
 Then relieve a poor Savoyard Boy.



### My sweet Village Maid.

*Sung by Mr. Broadhurst.—Composed by Mr. Sanderson.*

*Andantino.*



When I quitted the cot that stands lone on



the moor, Round the which play'd the breezes of



health, 'Twas to gain for fair An - na, the nymph



I a - dore, Abroad as my portion of



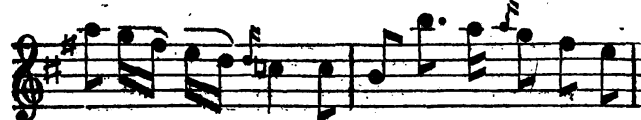
wealth. I told the sweet girl, when pre - paring



to part, Of my con - stan - cy ne'er be



a - fraid; Though distant, your image will



dwell in my mind, For there reigns the sweet village



maid, For there reigns my sweet village maid,



For there reigns my sweet village maid ; Though



dis - tant, your i - mage will dwell in my mind,



For there dwells my sweet village maid.

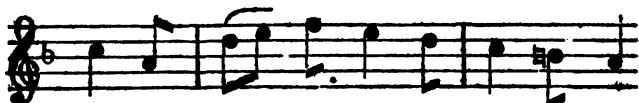
Fortune's prosperous gales had now wafted me back,  
 And I hasted my Anna to meet ;  
 While fancy portray'd, as I follow'd the track,  
 With what joy I my Anna should greet :  
 How her bright eyes would sparkle, approaching to view,  
 When of presents my store I display'd ;  
 And, touching her lips, whisper'd, These are for you—  
 Yes, all for my sweet village maid.

I trudg'd, smiling thus, with gay pleasure my guide,  
 When a shriek my steps onward did urge ;  
 I flew to the spot—saw drove down by the tide  
 An angel, embrac'd by the surge.  
 I dash'd through the stream, brought her safe to the shore,  
 On the bank where she gently was laid ;  
 Reviving, I saw the dear girl I adore—  
 Ah, me ! 'twas my sweet village maid.





smiling came: Thus, Ma - ry, dear, be thou my



own; While bright - er eyes un - heed - ed play,



I'll love those moonlight looks a - lone, Which



bless my home, and guide my way.

The day had sunk in dim showers,  
But midnight now, with lustre meek,  
Illumin'd all the pale flowers,  
Like hope, that lights a mourner's cheek.

I said, while

The moon's smile

Play'd o'er a stream, in dimpling bliss,

"The moon looks

"On many brooks ;

"The brook can see no moon but this ;"

And thus, I thought, our fortunes run ;

For many a lover looks to thee,

While, oh ! I feel there is but *one*,

*One Mary* in the world for me.

## The Soldier's Dream.

Composed by T. Attwood.—Words by T. Campbell; Esq.

*Larghetto e sempre ad libitum.*



Our bu-gles sung truce, for the night-cloud



had low'r'd, And the sen - ti - nel stars set their watch

*pp Larghetto.*

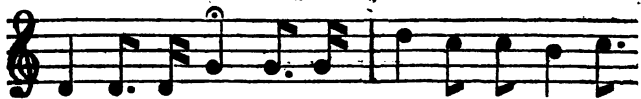


in the sky; And thousands had sunk on the ground



overpow'r'd; The wea - ry to sleep, and the

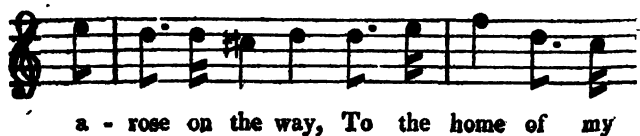
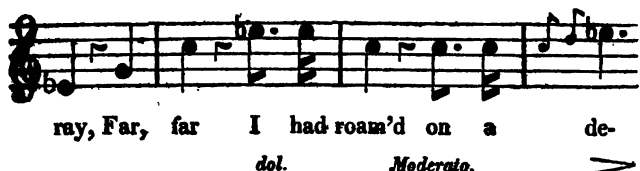
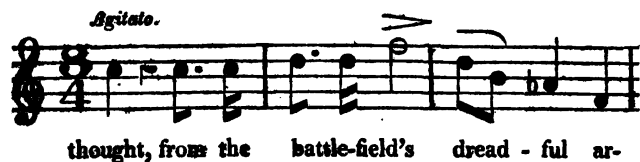
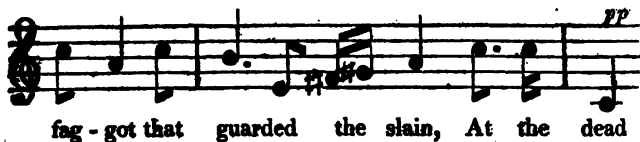
*Andante moderato.*



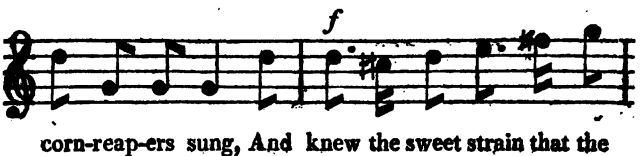
wounded to die. When re - - po-sing, that night, on



my pal - let of straw, By the wof - scaring









**fondly I swore, From my home and my weeping friends**



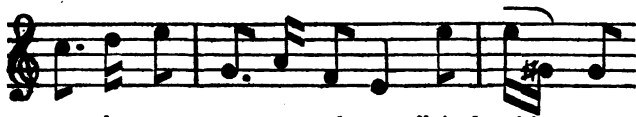
ne - ver to part; My lit - - tle ones kiss'd me



a thou - sand times o'er, And my wife sobb'd a-loud,



in the ful - ness of heart, "Stay, stay with us ;



rest ; thou art      wea - ry and worn ;" And      fain      was



the war-broken soldier to stay; But sor-row



re - turn'd with the dawning of morn, And the



voice in my dreaming ear melt - ed a - way,

*p*

*Pianissimo.*



melted a - - way, melted a - way.



### Sweet Passion of Love.

*Sung by Miss Stevens.—Composed by Dr. Arne.*



This cold, flint - - y heart it is



you who have warm'd; You waken'd my



pas - sions, my sen - ses have charm'd,



You waken'd my passions, my sen -



ses have charm'd; In vain a - gainst



me - rit and Cy - mon I strove:



What's life with - out pas - sion, sweet



passion of love, sweet passion, sweet



passion, sweet pas - sion of love?

The frost nips the bud, and the rose cannot blow—  
From youth that is frost-nipp'd, no raptures can flow;  
Elysium to him but a desert will prove:  
What's life without passion, sweet passion of love?

The spring should be warm—the young reason be gay—  
Her birds and her flow'rets make blithsome sweet May;  
Love blesses the cottage, and sings through the grove;  
What's life without passion, sweet passion of love?

## Encompass'd in an Angel's Frame.

*Sung by Mr. Incedon.*

En - compass'd in an angel's frame, An



an - gel's vir - tue lay; Too soon did heav'n



as - sert the claim, And call'd its own a -



way, And call'd its own a - way.



My An - na's worth, my An - na's charms,



Must ne - ver more re - turn, Must ne - ver



more re - - turn ; What now shall fill these



widow'd arms ?

Ah, - - - - - me !



Ah, me !

Ah, me ! my An - na's urn.

Can I forget that bliss refin'd,  
Which, blest with her, I knew ?  
Our hearts, in sacred bonds entwined,  
Were bound by love too true.  
That rural train, which once were us'd  
In festive dance to turn,  
So pleas'd, when Anna they amus'd,  
Now, weeping, deck her urn.

The soul escaping from its chain,  
She clasp'd me to her breast ;  
"To part with thee is all my pain,"  
She cried—then sunk to rest !  
While mem'ry shall her seat retain,  
From beauteous Anna torn,  
My heart shall breathe its ceaseless strain  
Of sorrow o'er her urn.

There, with the earliest dawn, a dove  
 Laments her murder'd mate;  
 There Philomela, lost to love,  
 Tells the pale moon her fate.  
 With yew and ivy round me spread,  
 My Anna there I'll mourn;  
 For all my soul, now she is dead,  
 Concentres in her urn.



The Tear fell gently from her Eye.

*Andante.*

The tear fell gent - - ly from  
 her eye, When last we part - ed on  
 the shore; My bo - som beat with ma - ny  
 a sigh, To think I ne'er might see

26



her more, To think I ne'er might see



her more. "Dear youth, she cried, and canst thou



haste a - - way? My heart will break; a



lit - tle moment stay! A - - las! I can - not,



I can - not part from thee;" The anchor's



weigh'd, The anchor's weigh'd; Fare-



well! fare - well! re - member me.



Weep not, my love, I trembling said,  
 Doubt not a constant heart like mine;  
 I ne'er can meet another maid,  
 Whose charms can fix my heart like thine.  
 "Go, then," she cried, "but let thy constant mind  
 Oft think of her you leave in tears behind."  
 Dear maid, this last embrace my pledge shall be;  
 The anchor's weigh'd! farewell! remember me.

My Friend is the Man;

OR, THE MODEL.

*Sung by Mr. Dignum.—Composed by Mr. Hook.*



My friend is the man I would copy



through life; He harbours no en - vy, he



causes no strife; No murmurs e - - scape



him, though fortune bears hard; Con - tent is



his portion, and peace his re - - - ward :



Still hap-py in his station, He minds his



oc - ou - - pa - tion Nor heeds the snares,



Nor knows the cares, Which vice and



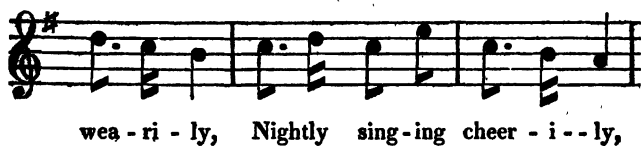
fol - - ly bring; Dai - ly working wea - ri - ly,



Night - ly sing - ing cheer - i - - ly; Dear to



him his wife, his home, his country,



His heart is enlarg'd, though his income is scant ;  
 He lessens his little for others that want ;  
 Though his children's dear claims on his industry press,  
 He has something to spare for the child of distress.

He seeks no idle squabble,  
 He joins no thoughtless rabble ;

To clear his way,  
 From day to day,

His honest views extend ;  
 When he speaks, 'tis verily ;  
 When he smiles, 'tis merrily ;

Dear to him his sport, his toil, his honour, and his friend.

How charming to find, in his humble retreat,  
 That bliss so much sought, so unknown to the great;  
 The wife only anxious her fondness to prove,  
 The playful endearments of infantine love.

Relaxing from his labours,  
 Amid his welcome neighbours,  
 With plain regale,  
 With jest and tale;  
 No vain schemes confounding him,  
 All his joys surrounding him;  
 Dear he holds his native land, its laws, and liberty.



### O'er Highlands and Lowlands.

*A favourite Scotch Song.—Composed by Mr. Sanderson.*



O'er highlands and lowlands, to chase



the fleet deer, My bonnie braw Jammie



will his, While che-vy ho che-vy





my bon - ny bold sol - dier, Is Jammie,



my love and my dear, is Jammie,



is Jammie, is Jammie, sweet Jammie,



my bonnie bold sol - dier, Is Jammie,



my love and my dear.

Though highlands and lowlands may please for a day,  
 And chasing the stag has its charms,  
 Can chevy ho chevy long keep him away,  
 When love hails him back to my arms?  
 No, no ; tally ho, huzza, and tantara,  
 The lord of my heart loves to hear,  
 Yet the tender, the bravest, the kindest of lovers,  
 Is Jammie, &c.





love has eyes, ' oh, love has eyes;



Oh, yes, be - lieve me, love has eyes,



Oh, yes, be - lieve me, Oh, yes, believe



me, Oh, yes, believe me, love has eyes.

Love's wing'd, they cry ;  
 Oh ! never, I  
 No pinions have to soar ;  
 Deceivers rove,  
 But never love ;  
 Attach'd, he roves no more.  
 Can he have wings who never flies !  
 Oh, yes, believe me, love has eyes,  
 Oh, love has eyes, &c.



## Sweet is the Dream.

*Composed by Sir J. A. Stevenson.—Words by T. Moore, Esq.*



Oh! think of me, At mid - night,



love, Oh! think, Oh! think of me.

Think that thou giv'st thy dearest kiss,  
And I will think I feel the bliss;  
Then, if thou blush, that blush be mine,  
And if I weep, the tear be thine.



### Meeting of the Waters.



There is not in this wide world, a val-



ley so sweet, As that vale in whose bo - som



the bright wa - - - ters meet; Oh! the last



ray of feeling and life must de - part,



Ere the bloom of that val - ley shall fade from



my heart, Ere - - - - - the bloom



of that val - ley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene  
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;  
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill—  
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

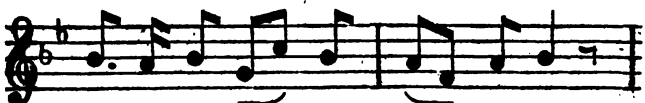
'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,  
Who made ev'ry dear scene of enchantment more dear;  
And who felt how the blest charms of nature improve,  
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Ovoca! how calm could I rest  
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,  
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should cease,  
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

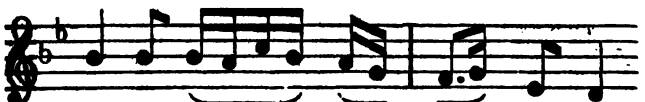
## Why does azure deck the Sky.

*Written by T. Moore, Esq.*

Why does a - zure deck the sky?



'Tis to be like thy eyes of blue;



Why is red the ro - se's die?



Be - cause it is thy blushes' hue.



All that's fair, by love's decree, Has been



made re - sembling thee, All that's fair,

by love's de - - cree, Has been  
made re - - - sembling thee, Has been  
made re - - sembling thee.

Why is falling snow so white ?  
But to be like thy bosom fair ;  
Why are solar beams so bright ?  
That they may seem thy golden hair.  
All that's bright, by love's decree,  
Has been made resembling thee.

Why are nature's beauties felt ?  
Oh ! 'tis thine in her we see !  
Why has music pow'r to melt ?  
Oh ! because it speaks like thee.  
All that's sweet, by love's decree,  
Has been made resembling thee.

## The Heath this Night.

*From "The Lady of the Lake."*



The heath this night must be my bed, The



**brack - en      cur - tain      for my head,      My**



**lul - la - by, my lul - la - by, the warder's tread,**



**Far, far from love and thee, Ma - ry. To-**



mor - row eve, More stilly laid, My couch



may be my bloody plaid; My ves-per song



thy wail, sweet maid, It will not waken me,



It will not waken me, Ma - ry.

I may not, dare not fancy now,  
 The grief that clouds thy lonely brow ;  
 I dare not think upon thy vow,  
 And all it promis'd me, Mary.  
 No fond regret must Norman know,  
 When bursts Clan Alpine on the foe ;  
 His heart must be like bended bow,  
 His foot like arrows free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught,  
 For if I fall in battle fought,  
 Thy hapless lover's dying thought  
 Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.  
 And if return'd from conquer'd foes,  
 How blithely will the evening close !  
 How sweet the linnet sing repose  
 To my young bride and me, Mary !

Of a' the Airts the wind can blaw.

*Andantino espressivo.*



Of a' the airts the wind can blaw, I



dear-ly like the west, For there the bon-



nie las-sie lives, The las-sie I lo'e best.



There wild woods grow and rivers row, And mony



a hill be-tween; But day and night my



fancy's flight Is e-ver with my Jean-





I see her in the dewy flow'rs, I



see her sweet and fair; I hear her



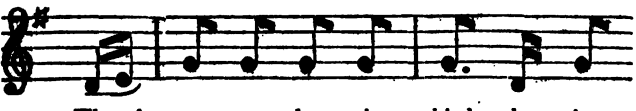
in the tunefu' birds, I hear her charm



the air. There's not a bon-nie flow'r



that springs, By fountain, shaw, or green;



There's not a bon-nie bird that sings,



But minds me o' my Jean.

Her lips are like the red rose bud,  
 Sweet blushing to the morn ;  
 Her breath is fresher than the bean,  
 The fragrance of the thorn.  
 The dew-drop in the morning sun,  
 It canna match her een ;  
 Oh ! life would hae nae joys for me,  
 If 'twere nae for my Jean.

Dear is the spot I saw her first,  
 The grove where aft we met,  
 But where I bade her last fareweel,  
 That place I'll ne'er forget ;  
 For there, within my arms, she vow'd,  
 (The tear was in her ee)  
 That heav'n, and earth, and a' would change,  
 Ere she prov'd fause to me.

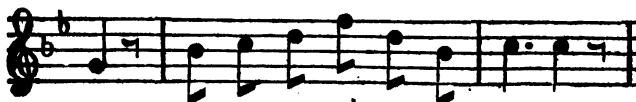


### The Cottage in the Vale.

*Moderato.*



Oh ! mine be the cottage with - in the



vale, Where a clear streamlet is flowing,



Whilst around the fragrant gale Sweet health from



its wing is be - stowing. When mildly the



heavens are beaming, And eve's purple tinges



are gleaming, Oft I'll list the pilgrim's tale,



And strew him a couch for his dreaming.

Oh ! sweetly the woodbine shall wind along,

Blössoms each lattice adorning,

Whilst the lark's melodious song

Salutes the bright beam of the morning.

Now tell me, ye minions of pleasure,

As night's lagging moments ye measure,

Can ye, 'midst the city throng,

Bestow on your hearts such a treasure ?

## Down the burn, Davie.



When trees did bud, and fields



were green, And broom bloom'd fair to



see; When Ma - - ry was com-



plete fif - teen, And Love laugh'd in



her e'e, Blithe Da - - vie's blinks



her heart did move, To speak her

## THE MELODIST.

225



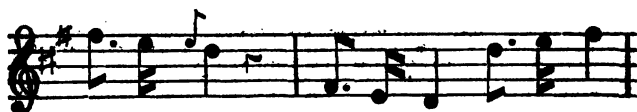
mind thus free, "Gang down the burn,



**Da - vie, love, down the burn, Da - vie, love,**



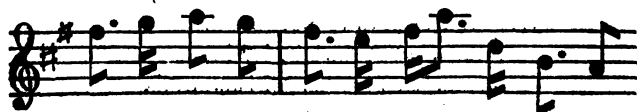
down the burn, Da - vie, love, And I will



fol - low thee, down the burn, Da - vie, love,



**down the burn, Da-vie, love, down the burn,**



**Da - vie, love, Gang down the burn, Da - vie, love,**



**And I will follow thee."**

Now Davie did each lad surpass,  
That dwelt on this burn side;  
And Mary was the bonniest lass,  
Just meet to be his bride.  
Blithe Davie's blinks, &c.

Her cheeks were rosy, red, and white;  
Her een were bonny blue;  
Her looks were like Aurora bright,  
Her lips like dropping dew.  
Blithe Davie's blinks, &c.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,  
And nothing sure unmeet;  
For, ganging hame, I heard them say,  
They lik'd a walk so sweet.  
Blithe Davie's blinks, &c.

His cheeks to her's he fondly laid—  
She cried, "Sweet love, be true;  
"And when a wife, as now a maid,  
"To death I'll follow you."  
Blithe Davie's blinks, &c.

As fate had dealt to him a routh,  
Straight to the kirk he led her,  
There plighted her his faith and truth,  
And a bonnie bride he made her.  
No more asham'd to own her love,  
Or speak her mind thus free—  
"Gang down the burn, Davie, love,  
"And I will follow thee."

## My native Shore, Adieu.

*Composed by Miss Fowler.—Words by Lord Byron.**Andante con Espressione.*

A - dieu! A - dieu! my na - tive shore



Fades o'er the wa - ters blue; The night



winds sigh, the break - ers roar, And

*ad lib. p*

shrieks the wild sea mew, A - dieu! A - dieu!



my na - tive shore Fades o'er the



wa - ters blue; The night winds sigh,

*Espressivo.**Resoluto.*

## SECOND VERSE.







A - - thwart the foaming brine, Nor



care what land thou bear'st me to,



So not a - - gain to mine, With thee,



my bark, I'll swift - - - - - ly go



A - - thwart the foaming brine, Nor



care what land thou bear'st me to,



So not a - - gain to mine. Welcome,

*p* *Con anima.*

Welcome, ye dark blue waves, And when you

fail my sight, Welcome, ye deserts

*Con furia.* *p* *dolce.*

and ye caves ; My na-tive land, good night,

My - - - - - na-tive land, good night.

When Fairies trip round the gay Green.

*Composed by Mr. Hook.*

*Andantino.*

When fai-ries trip round the gay green,

And all na-ture seems sunk in - to rest,



Through valleys I wan-der un-seen, My



heart with sad sorrow op-press'd; Then



oft by the murmur-ing, murmur-ing



streams, Fair E-leanor's loss I de-



plore, As a - - - lone by the moon's, the



moon's sil-ver beams, I sigh, I sigh,



I sigh for the girl I a-dore.

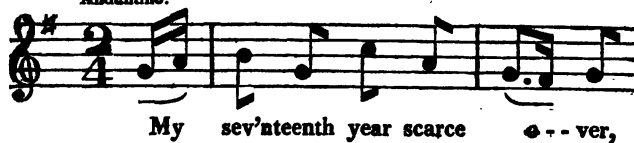
When my flocks wander o'er the wide plain,  
 To some thicket of woodbine I rove ;  
 There I pensively tune some soft strain,  
 Or sing forth the praise of my love.  
 Where does my fair Eleanor stray ?  
 Must I ne'er see the nymph any more ?  
 Thus distracted, I mourn the long day,  
 And sigh for the girl I adore.

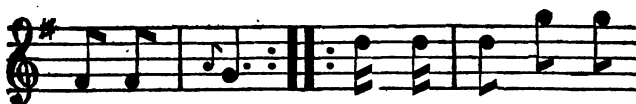
When first I beheld the sweet maid,  
 By moonlight, alone in the vale,  
 Far, far from the village we stray'd,  
 Where I tenderly told the soft tale.  
 How long must I wander forlorn ?  
 Ah ! when will my sorrows be o'er ?  
 Such grief it can never be borne ;  
 I sigh for the girl I adore.



### What's the Matter now ?

*Andantino.*





ar - dent flame. Such a piteous tale



he told me Of his poor wounded heart;



'Twas heaven to be - hold me, But death if



we must part. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear.



My heart it beat so strangely, I felt



I can't tell how; Lord, Lord, thinks I, what



ails me? Ah! what's the matter now?

The question soon was answer'd—  
 Sly Cupid's dart was thrown ;  
 I lov'd as well as Damon,  
 But that I would not own ;  
 For if he talk'd of dying,  
 Or mourn'd his hapless case,  
 I seldom fail'd replying,  
 By laughing in his face ;  
 Oh, dear ! Oh, dear ! Oh, dear !  
 At length, his patience failing,  
 He proudly swore he'd go ;  
 Not yet, said I, half smiling—  
 Why, " What's the matter now ?"

He slyly seiz'd that moment,  
 To press me to be his ;  
 And, how it was I know not,  
 I, thoughtless, answer'd " Yes."  
 Oh, then, when first we married,  
 How easily I reign'd ;  
 If check'd, my point I carried,  
 By sobs and tears well feign'd ;  
 Oh, dear ! Oh, dear ! Oh, dear !  
 The poor, good soul was melted,  
 Not proof against my wo,  
 And coaxingly consented,  
 With " What's the matter now ?"

Alas ! these times are over,  
 And I have had my day ;  
 No more a doating lover,  
 He swears he'll have his way :  
 To all entreaties callous,  
 Whole days from me he'll roam,

Get tipsy at the alehouse,  
 And then come staggr'ing home ;  
 Oh, dear ! Oh, dear ! Oh, dear !  
 If then I weep or chide him,  
 With consequential brow  
 He sets his arms beside him,  
 With " What's the matter now ?"



### The Bud of the Rose.

*Composed by Mr. Shield.*



Her mouth, which a smile, De - - void of



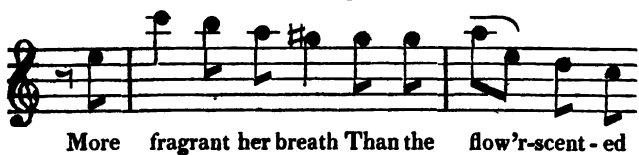
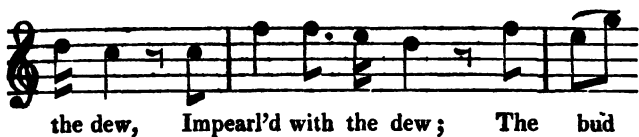
all guile, Half o - pens to view, Is the



bud of the rose, Is the bud of the rose,



In the morn - ing that blows, Im - pearl'd with





## The Maid of Marlivale.

*Written by T. Moore, Esq.**Larghetto.*

Where is the nymph whose a - zure eye



Can shine through rapture's tear? Where is



the nymph whose a - zure eye Can



shine - - - - through rapture's tear?



The sun is sunk, the moon is high,



And yet she comes not here, And yet she



comes not here, The sun is sunk, the



moon is high, And yet she comes not here.

### SECOND VERSE.



Was that her foot-step on the hill,



Her voice up - - on the gale?



Was that her foot-step on the hill,



Her voice - - - up - - on the gale?



No; 'twas the wind, and all is still,



Oh, maid of Mar-li - - vale, Oh, maid of



Mar-li - vale, No; 'twas the wind, and all



is still, Oh, maid of Mar-li - - vale.

Come to me, love, I've wander'd far—

'Tis past the promis'd hour;



Come to me, love, the twilight star

Shall guide thee to my bow'r;



Come to me, love, the twilight star

Shall guide thee to my bow'r.

## Where is the Smile?



Where is the smile that was heav'n to our



eye? Where is the voice that enchant - ed



our ear? Nought now a - round us is



heard but the sigh; Nought in the



val - ley is seen but the tear.

Blest is the cottage thy charms shall adorn;

There will the moments be wing'd with delight;

Pleasure with thee shall arise at the morn;

Rapture retire with thy beauties at night.

Marian, thy form was a sun to our shade,

Chas'd were the glooms when it beam'd on our plain;

Leave not, Oh, leave not the verdure to fade;

Let not chill darkness surround us again.

Tell us, what tempts thee to fly from our grove?  
 What is our crime that our valley should pine?  
 Say, dost thou pant for the conquests of love?  
 The hearts of our shepherds already are thine.



### Still ever Remember Me.

*Composed by S. Storace.*



Careful the wind - ing path ex - plore,



Left in the tan - gled brake you stray,



Then think of her whom you a - dore, To



cheer the dark and wea - ry way;



And soft - ly, slow - ly, slow - ly creep, Un - til



you light you see, And, while the anxious



watch you keep, Still e - ver re - mem - ber



me, And, while the anxious watch you keep,



Still e - - ver re - mem - ber me, Still



e - ver re - mem - ber me.

When you shall hear the sound of joy  
 Beating the floor with rustic dance,  
 Silent the list'ning ear employ,  
 But do not yet too quick advance ;  
 But slowly, softly, softly creep,  
 Until yon light you see,  
 And, while the anxious watch you keep,  
 Still ever remember me.

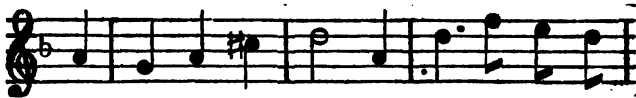
## Dear Erin, or Cushlamachree.

*Sung by Mr. Philipps.—Words by Thomas Moore, Esq.**Andante.*

Dear E - rin, how sweetly thy green bo-



som ri - ses, An Em - e - - rald set in



the ring of the sea; Each blade of thy



meadows my faithful heart prizes, Thou queen



of the west, the world's Cush - la - machree.



Thy gates o - pen wide to the poor and the



stranger; There smiles hos-pi - ta - li - ty, hearty



and free; Thy friendship is seen in the



moment of dan - ger, And the wand' - rer



is welcom'd with Cush - la - ma - chree.

Thy sons they are brave—but the battle once over,  
 In brotherly peace with their foes they agree,  
 And the roseate cheeks of thy daughters discover  
 The soul-speaking blush that says Cushlamachree.  
 Then flourish for ever, my dear native Erin,  
 While sadly I wander an exile from thee;  
 And firm as thy mountains, no injury fearing,  
 May heaven defend its own Cushlamachree.



## Light as Thistle Down.

*Sung by Miss Stephens, in the Opera of Rosina.*



Light as thistle down moving, which floats



on the air, Sweet gra - ti - tude's debt to this



cot - tage I bear; Of autumn's rich



store I bring home my part; The weight on my



head, but gay joy in my heart.



Light as thistle down moving, which floats on



the air, Sweet gra - ti - tude's debt to this cot -



tage I bear; Of autumn's rich store



I bring home my part; The weight on my



head, but gay joy in my heart,



The weight on my head, but gay joy in my heart,



The weight on my head, but gay joy in my



heart, gay joy in my heart, gay joy in my heart,

'Twas near a Thicket's calm Retreat.



'Twas near a thicket's calm re-treat,



Beneath a pop-lar tree, Ma--ri--a



chose her lone - - ly seat, To mourn



her sorrows free. Her love - - ly form



was sweet to view As dawn at op'ning



day; But, ah! she mourn'd her love



not true, And wept her cares a - way.

The brook flow'd gently at her feet,  
 In murmurs smooth along ;  
 Her pipe, which once she tun'd so sweet,  
 Had now forgot its song.  
 No more to charm the vale she tries,  
 For grief has fill'd her breast ;  
 Fled are the joys she us'd to prize,  
 And fled with them her rest.

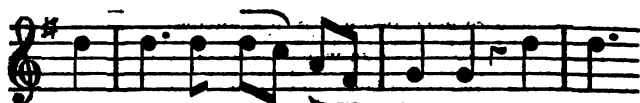
Poor hapless maid, who can behold  
 Thy anguish so severe,  
 Or hear thy love-lorn story told,  
 Without a pitying tear ?  
 Maria, hapless maid, adieu !  
 Thy sorrows soon must cease ;  
 Soon Heaven will take a maid so true,  
 To everlasting peace.

A prey to tender Anguish.

*Composed by Dr. Haydn.*

*Larghetto.*

A prey to ten-der an-guish, Of  
 ev'-ry joy bereav'd, How oft I sigh and  
 lan-guish, How oft by hope de-ceiv'd ;



Still wishing, still de - - sir - ing ; To bliss



in vain as - - pir - ing, A thou - sand



tears I shed, In night - - ly tri - - bute



sped, In night - ly tri - - bute sped.

And love and fame betraying,  
 And friends no longer true ;  
 No smiles my face arraying,  
 No heart so fraught with woe ;  
 So pass'd my life's sad morning,  
 Young joys no more returning,  
 Alas ! now all around,  
 I dark and cheerless found.

Ah ! why did nature give me  
 A heart so soft and true,  
 A heart to pain and grieve me,  
 At ills that others rue ?  
 At other ills thus walling,  
 And inward griefs assailing,  
 With double anguish fraught,  
 To throb each pulse is taught.

## THE MELODIST.

Ere long, perchance, my sorrow  
 Shall find its welcome close,  
 Nor distant far the morrow  
 That brings the wish'd repose ;  
 When death, with kind embracing,  
 Each bitter anguish chasing,  
 Shall mark my peaceful doom  
 Beneath the silent tomb.

Then cease, my heart, to languish,  
 And cease to flow, my tears ;  
 Though nought be here but anguish,  
 The grave shall end my cares.  
 On earth's soft lap reposing,  
 Life's idle pageant closing,  
 No more shall grief assail,  
 Nor sorrow longer wail.



Hush ! hush ! such Counsel do not give.

*Sung by Mrs. Bland.*

*Andante.*



Hush ! hush ! such counsel do not give, a



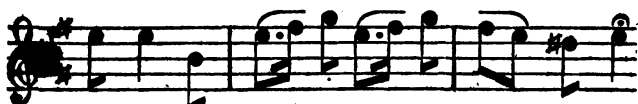
lo - ver's name pro - faning ; And can the heart



de - ceit advise, where mighty love is



reign - ing? Af - - fec - - tion, foe to mean



**disguise, can have no mo - tive for deceit ;**



**Hush ! hush ! such counsel do not give, a lover's**



**name pro - fan - ing ; And can the heart de - ceit**



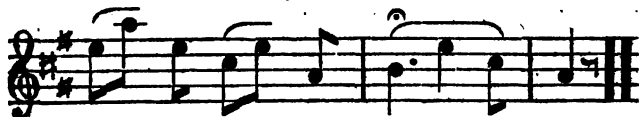
advise, where mighty love is reign - ing?



where migh - ty love is reigning? And



can the heart de - - ceit ad - vise, where



migh - ty love is reign - - - ing.

### Said a Smile to a Tear.

*Composed and sung by Mr. Braham.—Words by T. Moore, Esq.*

*Andante.*



Said a smile to a tear, On the cheek



of my dear, Which beam'd like the sun in

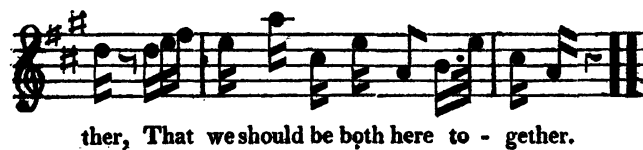
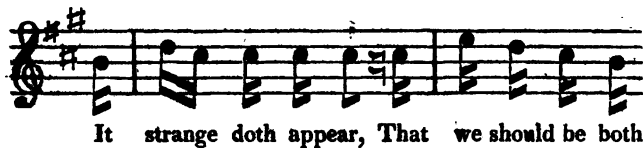


spring weather, Said a smile to a tear, On

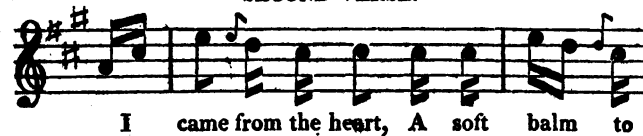


the cheek of my dear, Which beam'd like the



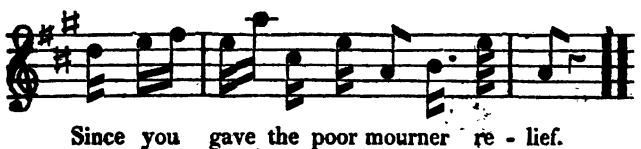


## SECOND VERSE.

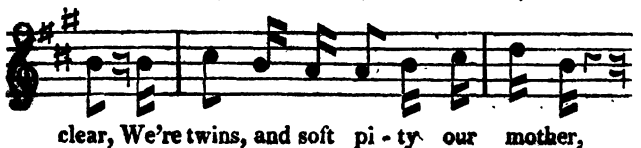
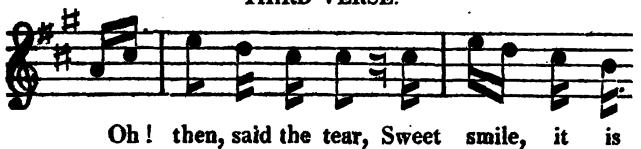




To yonder sad daughter of



## THIRD VERSE.





Oh! then, said the tear, Sweet smile, it is



clear, We're twins, and soft pi-ty our mother;



And how love-ly that face Which to-



ge--ther we grace, For the wo and



the bliss of a--no-ther, a--no-



ther, a--no-ther, For the wo and



the bliss of a--no--ther.

## The Labourer's welcome home.

*Written and composed by Mr. Dibdin.*



The plough - man whis - - tles o'er



the fur - row; The hedger joins the



va - cant strain; The wood - man sings



the wood - land thorough; The shepherd's



pipe de - lights the plain, The shepherd's pipe



de - - lights the plain; Where'er the anxious



eye can reach, Or ear receive the jo - cund



pleasure, the jocund pleasure, Myriads of



be - ings throng - ing flock Of na - - ture's



song to join the mea - sure, to



join the mea - sure, Till, to keep time,



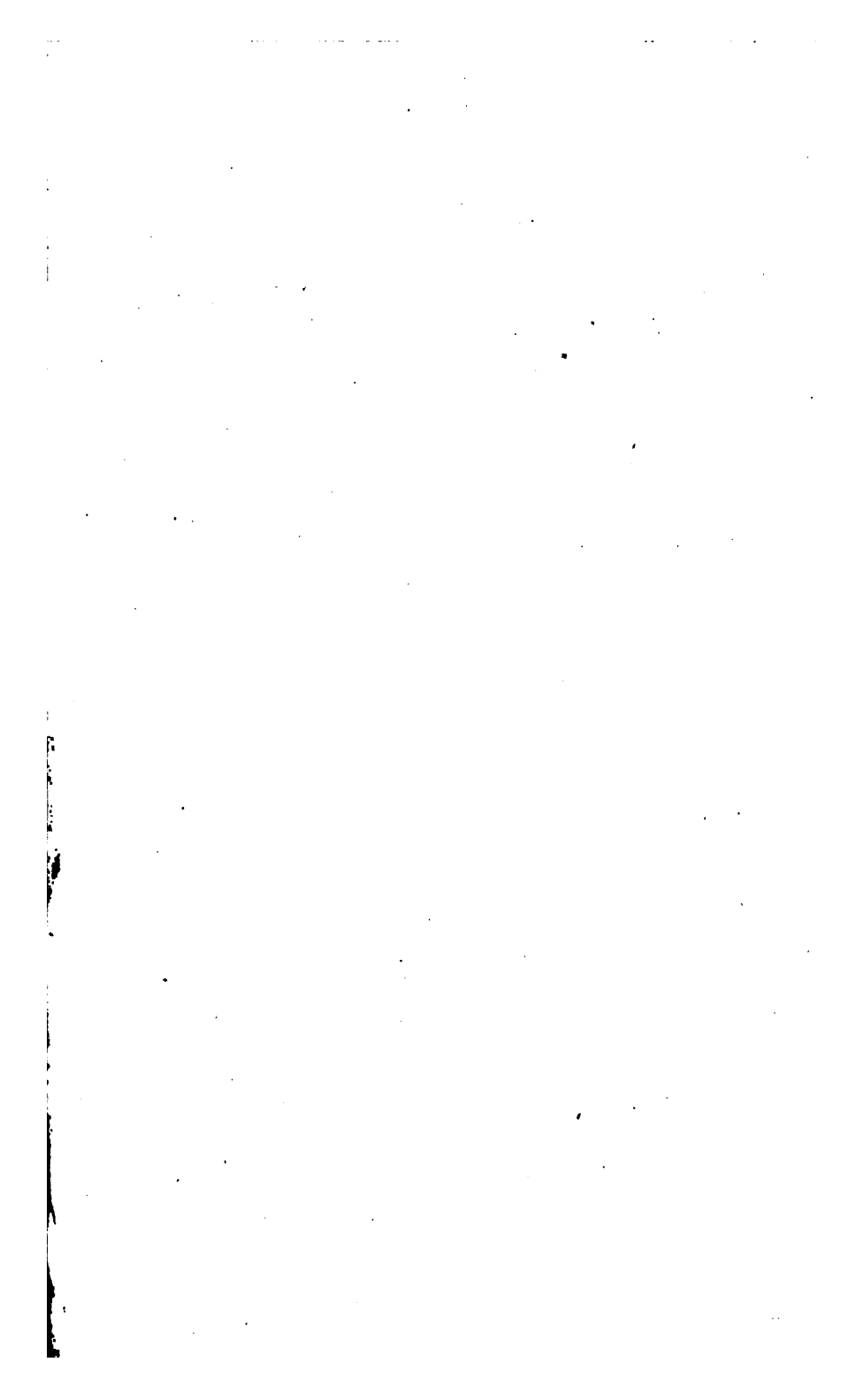
the vil - - lage clock, the vil - lage



clock Sounds sweet the lab'rer's welcome home.

The hearth swept clean—his partner smiling ;  
    Upon the shining table smokes  
The frugal meal, while time beguiling,  
    The ale the harmless jest provokes.  
Ye inmates of the lofty dome,  
    Admire his lot : his children playing,  
To share his smiles, around him flock ;  
    And faithful tray, since morn that straying  
Trudg'd with him till the village clock  
    Sounds sweet the labourer's welcome home.

The cheering faggot burnt to embers,  
    While lares around their vigils keep ;  
That pow'r that poor and rich remembers,  
    Each thanks, and then retires to sleep.  
And now the lark climbs heaven's high dome,  
    Fresh from repose, toil's kind reliever ;  
And furnish'd with his daily stock,  
    His dog, his staff, his keg, his beaver,  
He travels till the village clock  
    Sounds sweet the labourer's welcome home.



14  
8







